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The Hongkong Telegraph

Wishes its readers a very
Happy, Prosperous And
Peaceful New Year

Japanese Tell Of Experiments In Germ Warfare

London, Dec. 30.—Japanese bacteriological experts drove horses infected with a horse disease communicable to man towards advancing Soviet troops in Manchuria after the capitulation in the hope that they would cause an epidemic, according to a witness at the Russian trial of Japanese germ warfare experts. Moscow Radio reported today.

The trial is taking place in the Soviet-Manchurian border town of Khabarovsk. Twelve former Japanese soldiers are charged with preparing and practising germ warfare.

They have admitted belonging to "Unit 731," a section of the Japanese Kwantung Army which organised germ warfare. A witness, Hotta, formerly Quartermaster with Unit 731, told how experiments on bacteriological warfare were carried out on human beings.

Iron shields, fixed to the chest and back of the victims, were used in the experiments. Blisters used were stained with blood.

Japs To Get Coal From North China

New York, Dec. 30.—The Journal Commerce reported in a dispatch from Tokyo that the British trading firm of Dowdell and Co. has contracted with the Japanese Government to deliver 70,000 tons of coal to Japan from North China.

The dispatch said that Mr Jim Sewing, the firm's manager in Tokyo, said on Thursday that enough ships would be chartered to deliver the coal within three or four months to Kobe from the Kailan mines, north of Tientsin. —United Press.

EDITORIAL

Past And Future

NINETEEN hundred and forty-nine is on the way out—a year marked by events which have given cause for pain and regret rather than pleasure or satisfaction. International affairs have been clouded by the failure of the United Nations to exert any profound influence in the political field, although it must be conceded that in other activities, UNO has continued to justify its existence and to stimulate lively hopes that it can achieve much greater things in the future. In the realm of world politics, the United Nations Organisation has been utilised largely as a debating forum, with many of the debates ruined by acrimony and negative approaches to the various problems. While, on the positive side, UNO helped to bring into being the new State of Israel, it still has to try and solve the vexed conundrum of the status of Jerusalem. Nor has it reached anywhere about international control of atomic weapons. All along, of course, it has been frustrated by the persistent injection into its discussions of conflicting ideologies, with Soviet Russia consistently leading the way in confusing international necessities with narrow, nationalistic prejudices. It has been suggested that in some respects Russia during the year overplayed her hand. Undoubtedly she came out second best in the Berlin dispute, with the Western Powers; she lost ground through the defection of Tito, and she suffered a reverse when Yugoslavia, and not her satellite Czechoslovakia, was elected to the Security Council. Nevertheless, Russia succeeded in blocking all important proposals brought before the General Assembly, the Security Council and other branches of UNO which attempted to secure for the world a

guarantee of peace based upon international agreement. And Communism militant, it must be admitted, made impressive gains during 1949, particularly in the Far East. Its greatest achievement was the overrunning of China with its consequent effect on Southeast Asia. In fact, the dominating political concern as 1950 opens is the future of the countries immediately bordering China, as well as Malaya and the new United States of Indonesia. How to contain Communism as a governing factor within the territory of China? It is a difficult, complex question defying any outright formula as a solution, more especially as Burma and Indo-China are, in their existing condition of internal disruption, so vulnerable to pressure from over the border. The forthcoming Colombo conference of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers may bear some fruit, and if it does nothing more concrete than work out a realistic and practical line of approach to the problem, it will have been well worth while. Nearer at home, Hongkong awaits the New Year with outward calmness. The current labour troubles are not an encouraging omen, yet firm, but fair handling can resolve the situation. Government should not forget that, in this connection, it has an all-important responsibility. Merchants and other businessmen here look forward with some impatience to 1950 because there is little doubt it will bring with it recognition of the Chinese Communist Government, which the majority are convinced, will mean expansion of trade on a big scale. But the picture of the coming year is outlined in sombre colours, and if prospects in some directions appear bright, the outlook generally calls for the most cautious optimism.

Chiang Regime Severs Ties With India

Taipei, Dec. 30.—The Chinese Nationalist Government severed diplomatic relations with India on Friday as a result of India's recognition of the Chinese Communist regime.

The Nationalist Government has ordered the withdrawal of its diplomatic personnel in India. A high official said India was mistaken if she believed recognition would remove the Chinese Communists' ambition to take over Tibet, which lies on India's northern border.

The official, who declined to be quoted by name, said that India evidently expects the Peking regime to adhere to the agreement made in 1906 between Britain and China regarding "the territorial integrity of Tibet," and which the Chinese emperor never recognised.

The official said the Chinese Communists unquestionably will not recognise it either. He said: "If New Delhi thinks the Communist government will swallow her bait of recognition hook, line and sinker, she will have to think again. The plan is insulting to the intelligence of India's international treaty rights in so far as Tibetan independence is concerned."

He said India will be disappointed if she thinks Peking will recognise her as the successor to Britain's international treaty rights in so far as Tibetan independence is concerned.

WITH REGRET
The Nationalist Foreign Minister, Dr. George K. C. Yeh, announced the diplomatic break. He said it "will no doubt contribute to the further spread of Communism in the Pacific area."

The announcement said: "It is with regret that the Government of China learns of the Government of India's recognition of the Peking regime. It now must be clear to the democratic world that this regime is only the creation of a foreign power. Not only does it lack many of the attributes of a sovereign nation state, but it also lacks the spontaneous support of the great majority of the Chinese people."

The announcement said the Government is recalling its

diplomatic mission in India, but will continue to cherish "the friendly feelings" towards the Indian people. —United Press.

CONFIDENCE VOTE FOR BIDAULT

Paris, Dec. 30.—The French Government received votes of confidence on both the two propositions presented to the National Assembly tonight after a crisis over the budget for 1950, which has lasted 40 days.

In a final appeal to support the Government, the Prime Minister, M. Georges Bidault, said that France was suffering from the effects of two disastrous and costly wars.

The continuity of a budget policy was essential, he declared. M. Bidault said that France was spending much less proportionately on national defence than the United States and other big nations. Even Switzerland was spending 30 percent, whereas the national defence credits in the defence budget amounted to less than 20 percent of the total.

The Government took the unusual course of submitting the second motion of confidence five minutes after the first, so that deputies voted on the two at once.

The first motion submitted was on the proposed increase of production tax from 12½ to 15½ percent, and the second proposing new taxes on non-distributed corporation profits. The official figures for the two votes were: first vote 305 votes for and 287 against. The second vote gave 306 votes for the Government and 288 against.

The Assembly had already approved the budget—with the exception of these two clauses—on Wednesday night. But the Council of the Republic, the Upper House, must still approve the whole budget. —Reuter.

Tramwaymen To Meet

The tram lock-out remained unchanged this morning, and an official of the company said there was no likelihood of the service resuming today.

The company has not received a reply from the union to its letter of yesterday repeating its offer of going to arbitration on the dispute. Union officials this morning declined to comment on the letter.

The tramwaymen, however, are due to hold more meetings today to consider the situation.

Vietnam State Is Born

Salon, Dec. 30.—Cheering and singing crowds packed the streets of beflagged Saigon today when France formally transferred power to the new independent State of Vietnam within the French Union.

About 100,000 gathered in the main square outside the City Hall where the French High Commissioner, M. Leon Pignon, and ex-emperor Bao Dai, head of the new State, signed the transfer agreement.

Ready For Tonight



All ready for tonight's annual and famous Chelsea Arts Ball, students of the Royal Academy School of Art give a preview of the tableau they have prepared. —London Express Service.

TRUMAN OFFERS AID TO PERSIA

Washington, Dec. 30.—President Truman today informed the Shah of Persia that the United States was ready to offer Persia certain military aid and would support its requests for loans from the World Bank.

COMMUNISTS PLANNING NEW TACTICS

London, Dec. 30.—Diplomatic observers here believe that Communist leaders from all over the world who are remaining in Moscow after the Stalin birthday celebration of 10 days ago are planning future Communist tactics on a world scale.

Reports reaching London have given the return from Moscow to their home countries.

NO S. C. M. POST NEXT MONDAY

Owing to the New Year holidays, there will be no publication of the S.C.M. Post on Monday.

The Hongkong Telegraph will publish as usual on Monday, and will be on the streets at noon.

LEAVES FOR HOME

New York, Dec. 30.—The Shah of Persia left for home by air today after a six weeks' coast-to-coast tour of the United States.

The Shah and his party of 15 took off from New York's Idlewild International Airport in a special KLM Royal Dutch Airline plane for Gander, Newfoundland.

From there they will fly to Prestwick, Amsterdam, Rome and Tehran. The plane is due to reach Tehran at 9.30 a.m. local time on Tuesday after a 30-hour stop in Rome.

The Shah told reporters that the stop at Rome was being made on the advice of his physician, who suggested the long journey be broken there to permit him to rest.

The party was escorted from the city to the airport by a squad of 17 motor-cycle policemen. Over 100 pieces of luggage, weighing 3,000 kilos, including 14 trunks, were put on board the plane.

A large variety of food was also put on board for the flight including chicken and turkey, caviar, wines and liquors. —Reuter.

American Joint Chiefs Plan Far East Inspection

Washington, Dec. 30.—United States top military leaders will visit the Far East early in February for a first-hand check on the China crisis. The Defence Department said that the Joint Chiefs of Staff will make a personal tour of inspection to Hawaii and Japan to survey the situation.

In Japan they will get a full report on the China situation from General Douglas MacArthur, who is reported to have urged firm action to keep the Chinese Communists from seizing Formosa—including American military occupation of the island, if necessary.

The Defence Department said, however, that the Army, Navy and Air Force leaders will not visit Formosa.

The announcement said the trip has been contemplated for several months, but that this is the first time in which all four members of the Joint Chiefs could get away together. They are: General Omar Bradley, Chairman; General Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff; Admiral Forrest Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations; and General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff previously had visited the European, Australian and Alaskan commands. A spokesman said the four top military officers will visit neither the Philippines nor Korea on this trip.

PLAINLY LINKED

The announcement did not specifically mention the China situation, but its timing is plainly linked with the military trip to the troubled Asiatic scene.

Senator William Knowland urged the State Department on Friday to put pressure on Britain to withhold recognition from the new Chinese Communist regime. The Republican Senator from California said recognition of the Communists by Britain or other Atlantic Pact nations might crack the bi-partisan policy front on Europe and jeopardise the future of the Marshall Plan.

Speaking at a luncheon of

ANOTHER MUNICH

Senator Knowland said that the British, by recognizing the Communists, "would be contributing to another Munich which might be more disastrous than the last Munich." He noted that India has announced her recognition of the Reds, and said she too "will have to take responsibility for that action."

He advocated a four-point American policy in the Far East.

Firstly: The United States should publicly proclaim to the world that it has no intention of having "diplomatic relations" with the Peking Government.

Secondly: Mr. Truman should expedite action on allotting the US\$5,000,000 military aid fund which Congress at its last session granted him to use at his discretion in "the area of China."

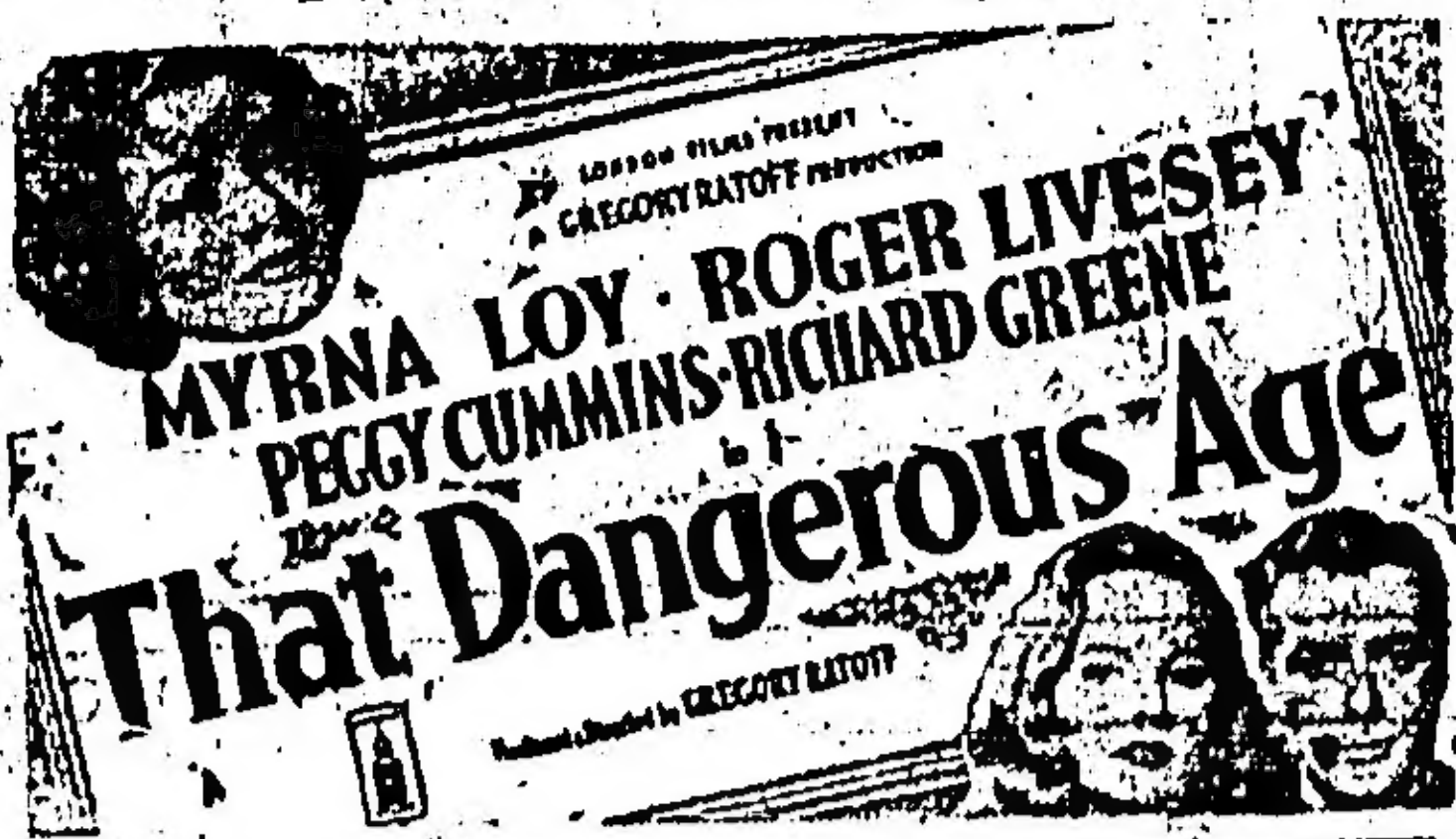
Thirdly: The United States "should unfreeze US\$94,000,000 in ECA funds for China which remain unspent and will revert to the U.S. Treasury, unless allocated by February 1 or unless Congress extends the period for their use."

Fourthly: The President should send "an able military mission to the island of Formosa, headed by somebody like Lieutenant General Albert Wedemeyer." —United Press.

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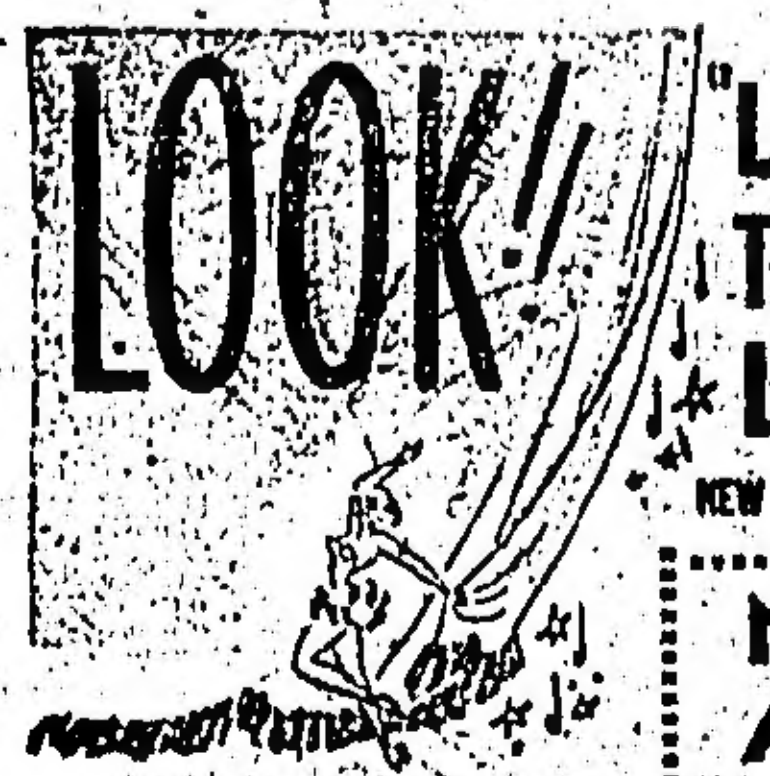
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☆ SHOW TALK BY HAROLD CONWAY ☆

A British film in cold storage

One of the things they did not auction at Shepherd's Bush Studios, now dark and forlorn, was a £120,000 invisible asset. This was Sydney Box's last Gainsborough picture to be made before the Bush closed down—"Traveller's Joy."

Google Withers and husband John McCallum starred in this screen version of the stage success—with Yolande Donlan and Dora Bryan (who is also in the play) supporting them. But after many months "Traveller's Joy" remains literally an invisible asset on Mr Rank's ledger. For a clause in the contract says it must not be shown anywhere until the play's West End run finishes.

When the film production began, that clause did not seem important. But now the play—with Yvonne Arnaud as star—has developed into one of those surprise record-breakers, and looks like running on indefinitely.

So Anthony Darnborough, who made "Traveller's Joy" for Mr Box, is going to show the film to the one man who can lift the ban, if he chooses—theatrical manager Hugh Beaumont.

The film-makers hope Mr Beaumont, in Christmas mood, will agree that there is ample living-room in London and the provinces for both versions. After all, Miss Arnaud and her fellow players have had the field to themselves for nearly two years now.

Censored role

Shepherd's Bush's last production certainly deserves a break, considering its troubles-in-the-making. These included a complete shut-down when John McCallum developed mumps—and a series of skirmishes with the censors over Yolande Donlan's part. Miss Donlan told me recently she had to renege so many scenes, with blue pencilled dialogue, that she wondered if her role had not been censored out of the picture by now.

Disney's ship

When Walt Disney went home recently—none too jovial after that Bobby Driscoll court case—he unwittingly left behind a New Year present to a number of Denham Studio workers. The present? None other than the good ship Hispaniola, known to every reader of "Treasure Island." Disney had the famous vessel reconstructed for his film of the story. The picture is finished but the Hispaniola still stands on the Denham set.

Because of this there will be some weeks' work next month for part of the Denham staff—after the close-down of Rank production there.

Another Hollywood company, Warner Brothers, have heard about that ready-made craft. And they are temporarily in the sailing business. They are to begin production—at Elstree—of "Captain Horatio Hornblower" with Gregory Peck as C. S. Forester's Nelsonian hero.

Director Raoul Walsh, who is coming from Hollywood with Peck, thinks it's silly to build a new ship—when one is to hand, only needing a little camouflage to be ready for Captain Hornblower's command.

What about Gregory Peck as the sailor who has been accepted as a prototype of Nelson himself? Well, we have taken several shocks in our cinematic stride—including Errol Flynn as Soames Forsyte, and Peck is a very good actor.

New role

Stage time marches on for Sir Ralph Richardson. Next month he leaves the cast of "The Heiress"; exchanges the frockcoat and top hat of Henry James's dignified doctor for a modern adventure drama.

Richardson is to star in a new play by E. C. Sheriff—who is determined never to write anything which could be described as a second "Journey's End." This time I gather, he has turned out a near-thriller. Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hillier join "The Heiress" cast on January 14, for Peggy Ashcroft, too, is leaving—in readiness for her Stratford season with John Gielgud. A season which sounds like restoring Shakespearean glory to the banks of the Avon.

Not anxious

Later in the year Ralph Richardson may make another film. But not, it seems, Love in Idleness—that Rattigan comedy which the Lunts played here and in New York. Thereby hangs a bad little tale. When Myrna Loy and her producer-husband, Gene Markay, were in England in the summer, she said she hoped to make more pictures over here with him. One was to have been "Love in Idleness" with Myrna and Richardson co-starring in the original Lunt roles.



COMPLETED BUT NOT FOR SHOWING—YET
Google Withers and John McCallum in a scene from 'Traveller's Joy'

Mr Markay is due back in London this week from the Tyrol—where he has been directing location shots for the new Bobby Henrey film, "Wonder Kid."

But Miss Loy is still in Hollywood—and staying there. Film friends she made in London gather that she is no longer anxious to work with her husband.

Overtime star

Postscript to my Pinewood progress report last week. They've obviously decided that, where Jean Simmons is concerned, time is money. The girl is really being put to work.

One picture finished last week; two new ones in preparation—and now she is to be sandwiched into that Somerset Maugham "Tree" production, which begins immediately after Christmas.

Miss Simmons will act with Guy Rolfe (whose "Spider and the Fly" performance recently put him suddenly into the front rank) in "The Sanatorium," most dramatic of the three Maugham stories.

£60,000 films

To film producers who, even in these crisis days, contend that under-£100,000 budget pictures are for export to Britain's nether regions only—here is a note:

Val Guest's production of "Miss Pilgrim's Progress"—with Yolande Donlan as an American factory girl who exchanges jobs with her English "opposite"—opens a West End run early in the New Year. Cost: £60,000. Mr Guest's current production with a television background, "The Body Said No," has also been assured of a West End showing. Cost: £60,000.

We still have to judge the quality of these pictures, of course. But, at any rate, Wardour Street rates them as "West End."

Miss Donlan is also in "The Body." For the film people hope this young American comedienne will soon be selling her piquant personality on the screen as profitably as she has done on the stage.

NEW YEAR SCREEN FARE

The Girl from Jones Beach (LEE) had for its background the New Yorkers' famed public beach on the south shore of Long Island. For the purposes of the story, Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo, Eddie Bracken and Donna Drake swim there. They two artists in search of a model. Entertainment: as good as anything Hollywood turns out in this type of effort.

Mr Joseph Young of Africa (ROXY & BROADWAY) is about a smaller version of King Kong and a bigger version of Cheela. It also introduces Terry Young as the owner of this super-gorilla. You may have seen her in some American magazines as one of the new comers when photographers are fond of snapping. The story is, as described, "novelty and nonsense." Most film critics have found it unusually entertaining.

Task Force (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) stars a task force plus Gary Cooper and Jane Wyatt. It is one of these screen sagas about the bitter struggle of a man who finally proved how right he was in the Second World War after being told to sell the idea to someone else in the First. In short, it is about a man (Gary Cooper) who dreamt about aircraft carriers.

Red River (KING'S) is billed as a Western that will go down in the history of moving pictures with "Covered Wagon" and "Cimarron." It is about the historical Chisholm Trail to Missouri and Kansas. Starred are a lot of cattle, sandy groves, Wayne Montgomery, Cliff and Joanne Drew. It will be a job getting into either movie palace the first few days, for it is, on classes like "Red River," that the local theatre world thrives.

ENOUGH FROM DANNY KAYE

Claudette Colbert, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the current short-hair styles for women, would wear her hair much shorter if it were not for Danny Kaye.

Before Claudette started her co-starring role with Robert Young and George Brent in the Crest-RKO Radio production, "Love Is My Business," she had her tresses cropped extremely short.

After the first shock everybody seemed to like it. Then one evening Danny Kaye saw the short bob for the first time, said, "What looks wonderful, Claudette. You remind me of my kid brother."

"I decided then and there," says the very feminine Claudette, "that when I start reminding people of their brothers it is time to let my hair grow a little."

MITCHUM IN "MACAO"

Robert Mitchum will star in RKO Radio's "Macao," recently purchased dramatic story by Bob Williams. This will be his first production task for Alex Gottlieb, recently signed by Howard Hughes to a long-term contract.

London comes to the rescue once again

From FREDERICK COOK: New York

Once again London comes to the rescue of a flagging Broadway. Opened last week was the biggest of the holiday season shows, Sir Cedric Hardwicke's own revival of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," with Lilli Palmer (Mrs Rex Harrison) as co-star.

The play was last seen here some 25 years ago, with the late Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes.

Miss Hayes (now rehearsing for Joshua Logan's "The Wisteria Tree" will be there in the stalls to see how they handle it.

Also in the cast: Ralph Forbes, Arthur Treacher, John Duckyman, Bertha Belmore.

IT'S ALL ONE GIRL

So far this season, Broadway



BETTY FIELD
Heads "It's All One Girl"

has little warrant to put itself on the back.

Only one among the recent new shows looks anything like a solid hit. And that—the musical version of Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—owes it all to one girl, Carol Channing.

It is one of Broadway's current delights to hear this giant blonde squeak lines like "A kiss on the hand makes a girl feel good. But diamonds last for ever."

After seven bitter years in the chorus and in walk-on parts, Carol Channing has arrived. She's the town's new sensation, and she deserves it.

For the rest, the only really noteworthy show on this stage is "Lost in the Stars," a musical play based on Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country." This goes from strength to strength as word gets round and tickets are becoming as hard to find as they still are for "South Pacific."

Maxwell Anderson, who adapted the book, has turned it into a musical tragedy whose tale of racial tension in South Africa has real meaning for Americans.

The negro cast are magnificent, especially the incomparable Todd Duncan as Stephen Kumalo, the native clergyman. This is one that London ought to see.

One or two new efforts started for the Christmas season. Thursday before Christmas brought Garson Kanin's "The Rat Race" (with Betty Field heading the cast), and Boxing Day a drama by Rosemary Casey called "The Velvet Glove."

One that was highly touted beforehand, "Metropole," flopped after two performances. This was a story of life inside the offices of "The New Yorker," with Lee Tracy portraying its editor, Harold Ross.

If audiences were composed solely of newspaper and magazine staffs this would have been a smash hit.

But they aren't, and it wasn't. IT MIGHT LAST

Doing moderately well is The Broadway production of Bena Levy's "Clutterbuck," that farce about three married couples with six pats.

The company (with the exception of Arthur Margetson) do not seem completely at home. The show is one of those which might last.

It depends on what else offers between now and the return of hot weather.

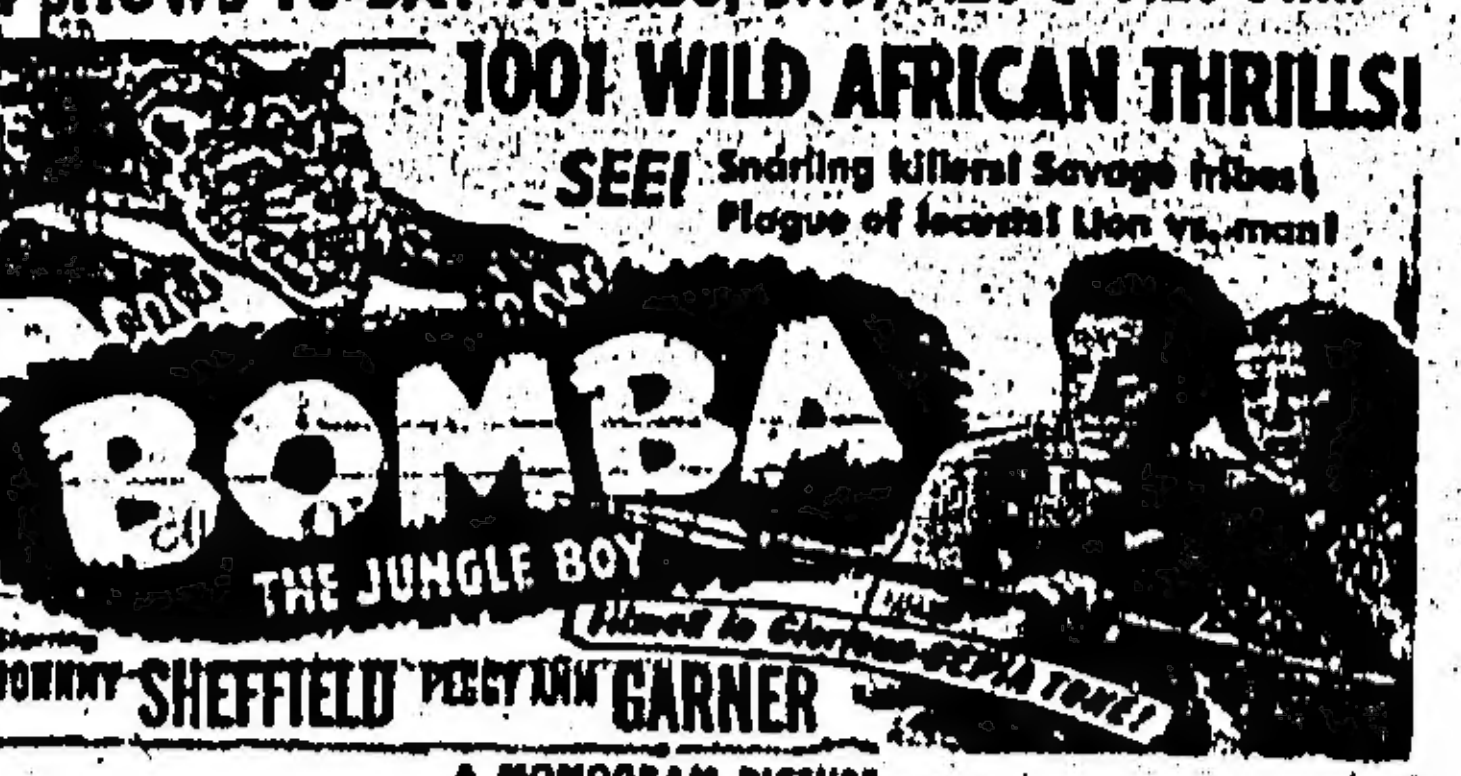
London's Maritta Hunt, still one of Broadway's biggest big hits after a year's run, is taking the Giraudoux play, "The Madwoman of Chaillet," on tour after Christmas.

Maurice Evans, who has just closed in Rattigan's "The Browning Version," is going back to Shaw with a revival next month of "The Devil's Disciple."

Three Hollywooders, Helmut Dantine, Billy Gilbert and Irene Bordoni, are picked for the leading roles in "Lady from Paris," a Technicolor musical called on Broadway "Music in My Heart," and are to take it on tour.

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RULER OF RUSSIA IS 70

WHAT DO WE REALLY KNOW OF STALIN?

NOTHING so bourgeois as a cake and 70 candles for the wily old man of the Kremlin on his birthday.

It was something more symbolic—a present of one of the Tatra Mountains on the Polish border of Czechoslovakia—in token of his abiding strength.

For, despite the rumours which circulate outside the Iron Curtain about Stalin's health, his subjects still think of him as the man who has led his country through a century of bloody revolt (including years in the Siberian exile mines), intrigue, and world-shaking power cannot weary.

STORIES ABOUT FAILING POWER

HAVING reached the allotted span, it is inevitable that there will be a new deluge of stories about the Marshal's failing power.

We have been told that he has "heart trouble, and is on a strict diet"; that he "suffers from nervous exhaustion" and rarely leaves the Kremlin; that "his face is peck-marked, the skin yellowed, his large black eyes rimmed from sleeplessness."

Can you believe these stories? The answer, frankly, is no.

Stalin himself declares he is a sick man. When President Truman invited him to Washington at the beginning of the acute crisis between East and West, he said his heart was bad and the doctors forbade any long journeys.

But two unimpeachable authorities who have had a chance of meeting the Russian Dictator, not once but several times during the negotiations over the Berlin blockade, report the contrary.

"A HEALTHY OLD MAN"

EX-USA Ambassador to Moscow General Beedell Smith found him fit, and saw no reason why he should not continue to rule Russia for several years.

The British emissary in the Moscow talks, Frank Roberts, reported that he considered Stalin "a very healthy old man" with no exterior signs of failing strength, although obviously ageing.

That is something about which all reports agree—Stalin is showing the strain of his years. He is showing it so much that propagandists do not issue any more photographs of him.

The last picture showed him as he looked in the familiar photograph posted in every school, post office, railway station throughout the U.S.S.R.—fat, smiling, smiling, democratic in his simple party uniform of khaki trousers and grey jacket.

TENDENCY TO BECOME A HERMIT

NOT only has he aged considerably, but he shows an increasing tendency to become the hermit of the Kremlin.

Under strong guards, behind studied upholders down in his third-floor room in the Kremlin, he confers until the small hours, talking with his three henchmen—Molotov, Beria, Malenkov—each of them rival hair-applauders playing skillfully to mount the throne when their master abdicates.

Stalin has had plenty to talk about. He has more than enough to do even on the strongest character a nervous wreck.

By . . . Richard McMillan

Failure of the Berlin blockade, which had most serious low-of-face repercussions for the Soviets throughout the world, particularly in the Far East; The threat of an atomic war with the U.S. and Britain; The defection of Tito, which was a major diplomatic triumph for the West; Signs of unrest in Poland, which led to the appointment a few weeks ago of Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky as his Polish military overlord; To keep the Poles from doing a Tito and bringing the Red Empire down in ruin.

Talk ended and decisions taken, Stalin, still under iron guard, drives to his country house outside Moscow which no Westerner has ever visited. There, a rather lonely figure, he looks back on the past in company with the ghosts of those companions of the old Bolshevik Guard he has liquidated on his path to supreme overlordship.



matro triumph for the West; Signs of unrest in Poland, which led to the appointment a few weeks ago of Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky as his Polish military overlord; To keep the Poles from doing a Tito and bringing the Red Empire down in ruin.

Talk ended and decisions taken, Stalin, still under iron guard, drives to his country house outside Moscow which no Westerner has ever visited.

There, a rather lonely figure, he looks back on the past in company with the ghosts of those companions of the old Bolshevik Guard he has liquidated on his path to supreme overlordship.

THE FICKLENESS OF FATE

GLANCING down the corridors of time, this remote, mystical figure must smile grimly at the fickleness of fate which made him an anti-Christian world-revolutionary instead of the man of God his mother intended him to be.

Born at Gori, in the Caucasus, in 1879, he went to school until 14, then his mother, Ekaterina, sent him to Tiflis Theological Seminary in the hope he would become a monk.

After five years he was expelled. He became a member of the Communist Party. Rumours about his activities reached the Czar's secret police. He became a hunted man.

Arrested, exile to Siberia followed, from 1901 to 1904. He escaped and joined the Lenin-Trotsky underground. Caught, he went back to Siberia to escape once more—in fact, he escaped six times in all.

Twenty-five years ago he reached the first rung of the ladder to total power, becoming secretary-general of the party.

TO KNOW HIM IS TO FEAR HIM

TODAY Stalin is depicted as the dictator nobody loves. That is wrong. For, such is the power of propaganda, while he is dreaded by his political enemies, he is venerated by the people.

That perhaps is because they do not know him. For to know him is to fear him. Even Beria, chief of the secret police, who is reputed to outdo Hitler as a sadist, trembles when Stalin calls for him.

Most mysterious figure in Stalin's domestic circle is the first lady of the Soviet, Rosa Kaganovitch, his third wife.



A dark-eyed beauty, he married her when she was 19 and he was 34.

She lives in a Soviet "purdah." No visiting statesman has ever met her.

Stalin has little real home life. He is said to detest his elder son, Yasha, now aged 40, born of his first wife.

He dotes on 30-year-old Vasily, and Svetlana, lively 25-year-old brunettes, both children of the second marriage.

Vasily is a major-general in the Red Air Force, married, and has two children.

—(London Express Service)

Five minutes each weekend

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SOLOMON

SOLOMON (meaning "Peaceful") was second son of King David and Bathsheba (whom David stole from Uriah the Hittite). He overcame his elder brother, Adonijah, in a struggle for the throne, and succeeded as King of Israel about 974 B.C.

His 40 years' reign was almost entirely peaceful, leaving him free to develop his genius for commerce (in partnership with Hiram, King of Tyre) and building.

His trade in the Mediterranean, especially with Egypt, brought him lavish materials—gold, silver, ivory, cedar wood—used to build the temple ("exceeding magnificent") in Jerusalem, and a royal palace for himself.

He married (among many others) the King of Egypt's daughter. He asked God to give him "an understanding heart," and received the gift of wisdom. He is said to have written the Book of Proverbs, the Song of Songs, and the apocryphal Book of Wisdom.

ON WISDOM A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is a heaviness to his mother.

ON PARENTS A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is a heaviness to his mother.

ON WISDOM A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is a heaviness to his mother.

CHAPTER 12:

The GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

— By —

FULTON OURSLER

THE conspirators, Annas and Caiaphas, knew they had to hurry. Now that the old leader believed in the real danger of the situation, he was far more stirred than Caiaphas, although outwardly still calm and lordly. No one knew better than Annas what the consequences would be to him, to his family, to his class, if Jesus prevailed. It would mean the ultimate eclipse of the Temple aristocracy. But Annas was resolved also that the illicit plan must be put through with the utmost appearance of legality. The heart of Annas was elated now; even at his extreme age he relished politics, intrigue, secret action. Obstacles had always hardened the resolve of Annas; in the excitement he forgot his weariness and felt young again. He tasted victory in advance.

It was nightfall when Annas set forth upon his errand. Boys with torches went before and behind his litter as he was carried through the narrow, crowded streets to the castle of Antonia, where Pontius Pilate stayed when in town.

ANNAS was well aware Pilate would certainly not be pleased at this late call by Annas. But this errand was an urgent political consideration, by which the old man knew he could justify the intrusion and hold Pilate's ear long enough.

Annas was in the castle of Antonia less than half an hour, but when he came out, his eyes held the gleam of a man who has won.

"When the case of Jesus comes before Pilate, the Nazarene will die," he was thinking. "And that will be the end of it. He will never be heard of again."

It was well after nine o'clock and quite dark when Jesus, ready for his traitorous job, emerged through the back doorway of the house of Annas and descended to the city. Loitering before the steps was the posse of the Temple guards; though forbidden to carry arms, they had picked up staves and cudgels. Standing off from them were the six Roman soldiers with their torches, clubs and staves.

Judas turned his back on them, stalking around a corner into a jagged and poisonous alley, a little street. Not a sound was heard.

The shuffling feet of the men, the clank of armour, and the lonely howl of some faraway dog. The course they followed was zigzag, a series of short, sharp detours; the streets were all rough and full of holes, so the marchers made haste slowly. Pale in the light of harvest stars, loomed the Temple; then around a cranking corner the men came to a passageway cut in the southeastern angle of the Temple wall and began the hazardous descent of a flight of old stone steps falling sharply from the upper city to a locked gate below.

AT this ancient portal, the Roman officer talked with the gate-keeper. On a promise of scourging, the terrified gatekeeper agreed to keep his gate open and his mouth closed.

Meanwhile the imperial soldiers, facing the wall, grumbled to one another. Why this crawling through the dark to catch one man? They had heard tales about their quarry. Report said the Nazarene possessed mysterious powers; He could walk on the sea, the winds of heaven performed His bidding, and once He had fed forty thousand hungry people with one basket of loaves and fishes and everybody had a bellyful. This wonder worker and all His familiars were said to be hidden in some dark garden outside the city wall. What might He be doing even now in that garden?

Witchcraft? Spells, conjuration, devil-praying? Why must they be sent after such a magician in the dark? Would not daylight have done as well? Judas heard them talking among themselves and quietly reproved them. He was never harmed anyone. He was not a sorcerer. The disciple reassured them, coaxed them to follow him as he led the way toward the Mount of Olives.

But the soldiers continued to grumble—they were brave men, but who would not be anxious about a fugitive with such powers as those?

Well, Judas assured them they need not fear Him tonight. Jesus, he reported, was actually waiting for them to come and get Him in a farm-

yard, called by some the Garden of Gethsemane. What were they doing in the Garden? Judas did not know. It did not matter anyway, he expostulated, again and again, as he trudged beside them. The silver coins in his bag made a soft, jingling noise as he walked. And Judas sighed heavily as he led the long and mincing column of men who swung their hissing torches and walked like women, not to stumble over the stones.

Presently Judas called softly and lifted his hand, and they halted at a high hedge, which served as a wall that completely enclosed the area.

A little doorlike opening had been cut in the hedge, and through it Judas waved the olive guards while he leaned in and peered.

WHERE were the eleven and the Master? Dimly, Judas began to make them out. That vast bank of man sprawled on the grass, his head on a rolled-up cloak, was surely Peter, snoring. The slim form yonder by the pavilion platform was John, also deep in slumber. Other dark smudges under the trees were unrecognizable, but Judas counted eleven, all asleep. Their leader was invisible.

Judas would have entered then and brought the guards with him, but he was stopped by the sound of a familiar voice at prayer. He stood listening. Somewhere off in the deeper foliage there, Jesus of Nazareth was on his knees. Judas could hear the suffering voice.

"My Father! If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" But Jesus was not done with His praying.

"Nevertheless, not as I will, but as You will."

THE silence after the prayer was touched by a low swishing sound as by a trailing garment brushing the grass. Out of the dark and walking by starlight the white figure of Jesus appeared, moving towards a sleeping disciple. Judas could see Him clearly now—tall, robed, walking barefoot across the chilly field. Jesus bent over the snoring man.

"Peter! What! Could you not watch one hour with me? Watch you and pray that you enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. . . . Sleep, now, and take rest. It is enough! The hour is come! Look, the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up. Let us go. He that will destroy Me is at hand. It is enough, Peter. The hour has come!"

Peter scrambled to his feet and bared his knife. Judas waited for no more. He laid a hard, damp hand on the wrist of the leader of the band, and whispered:

"Now is the time. Let us go in and take Him. You will know Him—He will be the one I will kiss!"

Judas strode forward until he stood directly in front of Jesus. "Hail, Master!"

Jesus moved towards Judas and seized him by the shoulders. Then the arms of Christ drew Judas to Him and the disciple kissed the Master on the cheek. At the signal, the Roman soldiers came forward weapons in hand.

THAT was more than the panic-stricken Peter could bear. The knife he had toyed with at the supper table gleamed in his hand—a knife with a blade five inches long, for gutting fish. This uplifted, the stalwart Peter sprang at the officer; there was a moment's tussle, a disorderly struggle, and then the ironic voice of Jesus:

"Peter, Peter, put up your sword!"

And Peter's fishing knife fell at his feet. A little soldier from the Temple scurried forward with a handful of ropes and began to tie the wrists of Jesus. That action was like a warning to all the other disciples, who had been watching in startled dismay.

This sudden invasion of men in armour and officers armed with cudgels and staves, flung them with fright. The torches burned like small new worlds flaming in a dark universe. Voices rose in a bawling question. Peter and all the others were overwhelmed with the fear for their own safety. Stomped, like wild creatures, they scampered off into the night. One, wrapped only in a linen cloth, was seized by a guard, but he tore himself free, leaving the garment in the soldiers' hands; naked, he vanished among the trees. Leaving the hedges and running as fast as legs would carry them, they left Jesus, the captive, alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON MONDAY)

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Holiday Soccer

GOVERNOR'S CUP MATCH
AT THE VALLEY
TOMORROW

BY "UNOMI"

The Festive Season Soccer programme continues this weekend and as last week the fans once again have an excellent choice of games.

Briefly, the fare provided is as follows:—Today, five first Division games together with a full Junior League card; tomorrow the eagerly awaited second game of the Governor's Cup series; on Monday, one First Division game and two Junior League games round off the programme.

All the Senior League teams with the exception of Royal Air Force will be engaged on League business.

One of the season's best games will be played at Boundary Street this afternoon, Kowloon Motor Bus v. Kitchee. These two teams have already met this season in a League encounter, the score being 3-0 in Kitchee's favour. The League leaders, Kitchee, are still undefeated and on present form I think they are too good for the Busmen. Still, anything can happen in a "needle" game like this one.

KMB received a nasty setback last week from Commandos and if they hope to keep up their challenge to Kitchee for League honours they must win today. Lee Chun-fat, the KMB inside forward, is playing well below his usual form just now. Last week he gave a most pathetic display.

FLIES TO JOIN
EMPIRE TEAM

When Britain's Empire Games women left for New Zealand, fencing star Mrs. Glen Haig was not among them. As only woman member of the fencing team she will fly to Auckland after Christmas.

(London Express Service)

Freak Bowler

Take a Christmas orange (if any are about for the taking) and work out how that new Australian freak bowler Jack Iverson evolves his spin. He will be trying it a year hence against our crack batsmen. Iverson is elderly—35—to take his bow in big cricket. He is 6ft. 2in., weighs 14½ stone, and used to try his spinners in the Australian army, where he was told to "stop bowling that rubbish." My Melbourne reporter describes his action thus: "He bowls from the front of the hand over the top of the thumb and propels the ball by the backhand middle finger. His stock slow ball turns from the off, but he occasionally spins one from left or sends one straight through."

IGNORED AT SCHOOL

Discouragement in the Army made him turn to medium pace bowling. Then as a civilian he reverted to spinners, fought his way into the Victorian Sheffield Shield team this season and in three first-class matches has taken 24 wickets at an average of 17.

Iverson could not get a place in his school eleven but is now considered to have bowled himself into the Australian team to tour New Zealand in the New Year.

In method though, of course, in no other respect, here is a sort of duck-billed platypus among bowlers.

(London Express Service)

The Bus team don't have the reserve power which their more powerful opponents possess. Week after week they are forced to play the same players even though it is noticeable that they need a rest. The KMB defence and middle line is good but they have only three reliable forwards. Tam Woon-cheung is very weak and is not worth his place in the team on his present form.

Kitchee carry too many experienced men in their ranks for the Kowloon team. They have the best defence in the Colony and have a forward line which contains both youth and experience.

The old "head" Lai Shu-wang, is still as dangerous as ever when in the vicinity of the opponents' goal. The game will be a fast, exciting one played before a capacity crowd of mostly KMB supporters and the home team will strive hard to be the first team to beat the present League leaders, but I can't see them succeeding.

SAINTS MEET ARMY

St Joseph's Army in a return League game at Soekun-poo today. The first game ended in a draw 1-1. Army, victorious in their past eight encounters, should prove too strong for the Saints. The Army are playing picture football these days. They have a fine leader in centre-forward Conway. Berry is another forward who has reached peak form. The combination of Berry and Brown in last week's International Cup game was a delight to watch and I expect they will play havoc with the St Joseph's defence today. The Saints have several players on the injured list and are expected to field a weak team for today's match.

An evenly contested game will be the main feature of Navy and Police at Causeway Bay this afternoon. The Navy side will be all out to return to winning ways after the defeat they received at the hands of Club last Saturday. Chalmers of Navy is a grand goalkeeper and together with Taylor and Thompson form a resolute defence. I think Howitt and "Ginger" Gordon can manage to encourage their Police team to gain at least one point.

WILL ATTRACT

The meeting of Commandos and Club at Soekunpoo will attract the crowds. Both teams had good wins last Saturday and it should be a keen tussle. Commandos prefer the robust style of play they displayed against KMB last week and with hefty Watson as leader, I think they will prove too strong for the Club boys. Wilder, the Club inside man, was once again on the mark with his two clever goals against Royal Navy last week. He will be directly opposed to Suggers, the strapping Commando left-half, and the tussle between the pair will be one of the highlights of the game.

The other Senior Division game today is between Eastern and South China at Caroline Hill. The South China team gave a good display of constructive football against Kwong Wah last week-end but they lacked a player who could shoot for goal. This is a serious problem and if a sharpshooter is not included in today's line-up it may well cost them the points.

NEW YEAR'S CLASSIC

All roads will lead to Club Ground, Happy Valley, to-

tomorrow, for the meeting of HKFA and CNAAF in the second game of the Governor's Cup series. In the first game played in early December the CNAAF won handsomely. Many of the Chinese players who participated in the last game are included in today's team which is as follows:—

Yui Yui-tak (Kitchee); Hau Yuen-sung (Kitchee); Lau Shu-ping (CAA); Chang Kam-hol (Kitchee); Kwok Kam-hung (Kitchee); Kwok Ying-lee (Kitchee); Ho Yung-fun (Kitchee); Chiu Man-chi (KMB); Tang Yee-ki (KMB); Yui Cheuk-yin (Kitchee); Lee Tai-tai (KMB).

As can be seen the Federation have fielded their strongest team possible. The usual quota of Kitchee and KMB stars have been chosen.

The one surprise selection is the inclusion of Lau Shu-ping of CAA. He has been playing very well this season and his inclusion in the side is well merited. It will be interesting to watch the play of Kwok Ying-lee who has been given the job of holding the HKFA danger man, Brown, in check. The HKFA team is as follows:—

Leviand (Army); Roberts (Club); Tozer (Navy); Spencer (Army); Tennant (Army); Hutton (Army); Brown (Army); Mullen (Club); Conway (Army); Jerry (Army); Conway (Army); Mullen (Club); Daly (Navy). Although a big improvement on the recent representative teams chosen by the HKFA, the side is still open to much criticism.

WHEN?

When are the selectors to recognize the goalkeeper ability of Locker, the Commando "keeper. Week after week this play turns in grand displays. He is a worthy successor to Powell, an old favourite of the local fans who remember the Commando team of 1940-47.

Spence of the Army is another dubious selection. Dearsley of the Navy is about the best half-back in the Colony but he is not included in the side.

Another surprise selection is Daly of Navy. I admit we have few good European left-wingers at present in local soccer but Daly has not the thrust and power that is so necessary against the Chinese.

It should be a game which will keep the spectators on their toes for the full ninety minutes. I think the Chinese should have little difficulty in repeating their victory as in the previous game.

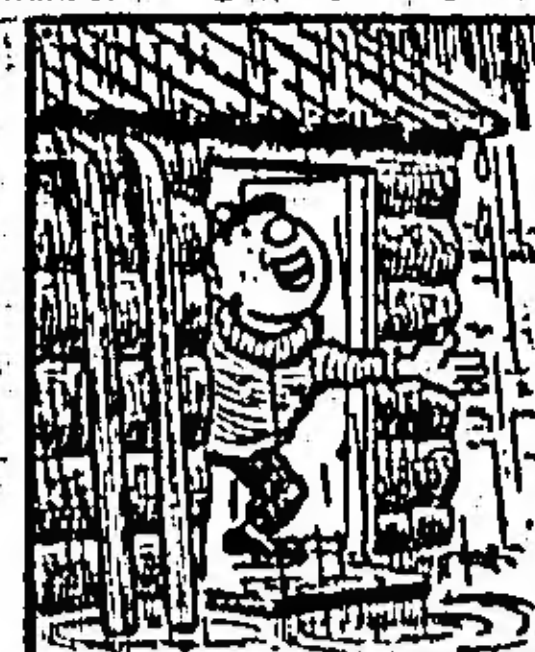
MONDAY'S GAMES

The only game on Monday in the First Division is Kwong Wah and CAA. Both teams are well down the League and will fight hard to gain the points. CAA look the more likely side and should win this game.

A Second Division game of great importance will be played on Monday at Club Ground, Kitchee v. News Vendors. The latter team is undefeated in this division and their opponents are their nearest challengers.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton

Scribes Meet The Belles
In Kowloon Bowl Classic

BY "STARDUST"

Local softball will usher in the new year in real festive fashion tomorrow afternoon when fans will foregather at the spacious CBA ball park—dubbed the Kowloon Bowl by members of the Fourth Estate—to witness one of the most promising tussles of the whole year's softball calendar.

The Kowloon Bowl Classic—a name that rhymes with the Bowl Games that will be played off in the United States on New Year's Day—takes pride of place in the Colony's sports programme for the holidays.

Much publicity has been given both in the tabloids and around the grapevine circuit to this eagerly-awaited tangle between the members of the Association Committee and the typewriter thumpers, combined into a formidable nine, and the select representatives of the distaff loops.

An annual tussle between these two bodies of softball partisans will certainly start the New Year off on the right foot. There will be no trophy at stake in this game. Honour will be fought for—that at high cost!

IDEAS & TALENTS

The Committee, the governing body of local softball, and the sports writers, the preachers of diamond doctrine, will have to display in actual action their ideas and talents.

Buzzberries and catcalls will most likely be mingled with loud huzzas when these starry squads get lost in the heat of conflict.

Last season, in a hilarious comedy of errors, the Committee and Scribes dropped a close 21-5 decision to the belles. Fans will still remember the amusing and convivial atmosphere of the last classic.

They will still recall how Don Robbins carried petite Helen Ribero, piggy-back fashion from second to third base after Helen had stolen the shirt off Don's back in her marauding moves around the sacks. The antics of Mentor Philo Remedios on the diamond were a burlesque comedy of errors which highlighted the tilt.

The Committee-Scribe combination will be led by Philo Remedios, who will personally direct activities on the diamond from the windy short stop alley. Philo has assembled a bunch of veterans and players resurrected from armchairs for tomorrow's classic. There is an ever-abundance of softball talent in the contingent with umpire-baiters in large numbers.

THE TEAMS

The members of the Committee and Scribes who will be seen in action in the tussle, are: Allen "Cannon" Girls, Mar, Hal "Grandstand" Wing Lee, housekeeper "Doc" Molten, Don "Flash" Robbins, Philo "Bleacher" Remedios, Charlie "Old Hoss" Figueiredo, "Stardust" Moosdeen, G. O. "Jockey" Jones, Buster "H. Disney" Hollands, Chief Chaplin, Dick Chung, and Rennie Sequeira.

The following ladies have been invited by the gentlemen to oppose them: Patsy Ribeiro, Helen Ribeiro, Dolly Brown, Effie Babbie, Avarita Choy, Aileen Chinden, June Lee, Sheila Howard, Marie Bapusta, Josette Triampo, Joyce Guest, Yvonne Souza, and Bonnie Clark.

Mike Lee will officiate behind the rubber with Bimby "Tiger" Ablong and Bill Silva on the base paths. Popular Wanda Rodriguez will undertake the onerous duties of scorer in this game of errors and base hits.

Several League games will be played off on Monday. In the Junior Loop, the teams will start on the second round of their schedule. The Spartans will be out to beat the Aces in their return battle. The latter outfit took a close decision in extra innings in their first meeting.

The Overseas and the Jaguars tangle in the pick of the programme. The Overseas nosed out the Jags 7-6 when they first crossed bats earlier in the season. The Jags have been improving of late and should average this setback.

Fresh from garnering their first win of the season, the Delawares will be gunning for their second triumph when they clash with the Roxes but will find the Loop leaders a tough home.

The Braves should be able to end their losing streak when they tangle with the Griffins in another game. The Blackhaws are pitted against the Pandas in another encounter which they should take from the Shanghai-handlers quite easily.

The Belles play a twin bill. The White Fangs should keep on to their slim lead after the results come in from their game with the comely McTyeleens who are still seeking their first victory.

The McTyeleens are about the friendliest team in the loop,

win or lose. They have been absorbing huge defeats in most of their games but the gals firmly believe in getting the best experience out of a lost cause.

The Squaws and St Theresas play off a crucial tussle in which the former team will be out to avenge an earlier loss.

St Theresas have the more experienced ball club and are expected to win should their more youthful rivals falter in the clutch. This should be a top attraction on any one's New Year calendar.

Before signing off, your scribe wishes to extend to all his readers a heartiest New Year. May 1950 be a happy year for all of you and good softball should be yours for the asking.

FOR FOOTBALL MANAGERS

WISDOM & PATIENCE
ARE NOT ALWAYS
QUITE ENOUGH

Says John MacAdam

Behind the shall we say?—recession of Johnny Hancock's second string lies a story that demonstrates clearly enough that a present-day football manager can have the wisdom of a Solomon and the patience of a Job, and still not find things running his way.

Here are the facts outlined to us by Manager Stanley Cullis. The scene opens in the managerial office at Molineux with Stanley busy at desk. To him enters Johnny, the little feet who normally decorates the outside-right berth, although on his fairly recent appearance for England he was placed outside left.

Now Johnny has a proposition. It is that if he were to play consistently at outside left for his team his chances of being again selected for England would be greatly enhanced. He does not, perhaps, so. Whereupon Johnny asks the manager to consider the question that may have occurred to yourself: If we play you on the left, what happens to the gentleman who is and has been for some time a considerable ornament of the position?

The reference, of course, is to Jimmy Mullen, and it appears from Johnny's bearing that he neither has nor occurred to him with any force. But, now it is mentioned, well... Johnny would still like to play at outside left.

While appreciative of this tenacity of purpose, Stanley does not see his way clear to accede to Johnny's demand. He suggests that maybe another club would take a different view, and would it be possible for him to make his position more clear to the club chairman.

This is arranged and, as might guess, the chairman takes the same view as his manager. In the meantime, the effects of these tete-a-tete will be studied with Johnny still on the right wing and in the second string.

And there the matter rests, with Johnny refused a transfer. FLATFOOTED FLEETFOOT Here is another fleetfoot who will be worthy of your attention—an 18-year-old boy called Geoffrey Coombes, of Westwood, near Trowbridge, who apparently has been half-milling in around two minutes.

His prowess is testified to by Vic Lewis, Westbury Harrier, who has won races over every distance from 100 yards to 20 miles, and has a stack of silver pots that would make a big block-in-the-dollar gap. At Melkham, on a recent Saturday Vic watched Coombes in the Wilts Junior cross-country championship paralyse all opposition over four and a half miles of plough and fallow, to finish well within himself and by himself.

Coombes is widely tipped in the county that produced W. G. George and Jimmy Kibbwhite for next Olympic honours, and Vic was naturally surprised to hear that he had been rejected for national service. Reason? Flat foot... Note to above.—Most famous flatfoot of them all was Obolens-

Who Can Fell Woodcock?

FOUR WILL ACCEPT
£100 CHALLENGE

Those anything-but-peaceful people, the boxing managers, seem more than usually bellicent.

Tom Hurst, who looks after the affairs of Bruce Woodcock, spent Christmas in America. Before he left he gave the world a good-will message to the effect that anybody who

Len Boyd and Johnny Jordan, two regular members of the team, and Ken Green, recently out of the side through injury, all come from West Ham area. Right-half Boyd, and full-back Green, were both born in West Ham. Boyd joined the Navy, and so Plymouth Argyle, who received £15,000 for his transfer to Birmingham, Green, a one-time Millwall amateur, was with the Army in the Midlands when he applied to Birmingham for a trial.

Jordan the inside-forward, is a Hemford man and was on West Ham's books as an amateur.

Sportsman's Diary
EDITED BY
Bruce Harris

could knock Bruce over would be paid £100. The idea is a toughening-up course in preparation for Woodcock's fight with Lee Savold next May.

HERE'S HIS CHOICE Four fighters, represented by two managers have immediately accepted the challenge—in appropriate terms.

Says John Simpson: I've got three lads who'll take him on. He can have any or all of Jack Gardner, Don Cockell or Tony Lord on those £100 terms.

Ted Broadbribb, on behalf of Johnny Williams, is even quicker to the punch—like this: "Williams has an eye on the British and world titles himself, and is prepared to act as a 'door-mat' for Woodcock for the time being. Anyone who wants Woodcock will have to get there over Johnny's dead body."

Peace on earth. Good will towards men.

JUST TO SHOW THEM Unusual "weigh-in" faces Cockell. Tired of being regarded officially as a heavyweight, he is to step on the scales at the offices of the Board of Control—just to prove that he can still make the cruiser-weight. 12st. 7lb.

If the authorities are satisfied, Dan hopes to be included in the official series of eliminators for the British title held by Freddie Mills.

His immediate plans include a fight with Charlie Collett at Reading tonight, a match with a French opponent on 27th, and Andre Lefranc, at Streatham Ice Rink on January 17, and a series of three contests under the Britman and Ezra banner at Empress Hall.

The Streatham match is at 12st. 9lb. over ten rounds.

GROUNDED GIANT

Harlequins, delighted with the rugby football played by Paris University Club, have arranged a return match for April 23, in Paris (twice Hyllon Claver).

As Twickenham they did not encounter after all that giant forward Dr Adani, whose boots are size 12. He was prevented by his mother from entering the aeroplane which was to bring them because the conditions were too windy.

There may perhaps have been something in this maternal solicitude. Many of the team who travelled by ship arrived too seakick to play and reserves took their places!

PLAY IN WHITE

Does a man, or woman, become a better games-player if he, or she, dresses the part? I think so; and, apparently, does Mr H. J. Knight, secretary of two of West Surrey's popular cricket competitions, those for the Hanson and Miller Cups.

Standard of play has deteriorated and reforms are suggested. Mr. Knight said to representatives of the village clubs competing:

"Players should take all reasonable steps to make the field dressed as cricketers and black and brown shoes, red pullovers, cloth caps and tribby hats, etc. should be eliminated."

Quite right too. "Eliminate" them by all means, in the interests of self-respect. It costs a bit, but it is worth the effort.

Would Len Hutton's off-drive be as good and graceful if he played it in a tribby hat and brown shoes? I doubt it. Clothes, in sport as in business, do help to make the man—or woman.

BEN BARNETT, OF BUCKS

On the telephone with me from Slough—Ben Barnett, who used to keep wicket against us for Australia. Now he is settled in England, and will be joined here in February by his wife and two sons, aged eight and two.

Barnett has been transferred to England from Australia by his firm, Aspro, for whose side, 41 though he is, he will be a handy recruit as batsman-wicket-keeper. He will play whenever he can for Bucks in the Minor Counties' championship.

Barnett toured England in 1934 and 1938, and played his last first-class match in 1946 for Victoria against the MCC touring side. His cricket has been broken first by the war, during which he was a prisoner in Japanese hands, then by business travels.

His younger son is named Ross after Ross Gregory, also of Victoria, who at 20 played two Test matches in Australia in 1937. He was killed while serving in the war with the Australian Air Force.

BACK TO LONDON

No Midlands team has a stronger East—London flavour than Birmingham City.

FAREWELL TO
SQUASH

Mrs. Margot Gordon, who, as Margot Lumb, won the women's squash title for the five years preceding the war, will compete in both English and Scottish championships in February for the last time. In March she flies to Kampala with her sons, Raymond—he is with her here—and Elio, to join her husband, Colonel W. H. L. Gordon, and set up a home in Uganda.

(London Express Service)

In ice-hockey tables scorers have two points, the man who makes "the opening" has one point.

DON'T BLAME THE BABY

You have heard no doubt of the soldier who, having survived four years of war, was killed by a taxi-cab immediately he landed in England. Infinitely less tragic but of the same order, was a mishap which lately befell Jack Rawlings, England and Hayes amateur forward.

Rawlings was in his garden with his wife and baby one day when it began to rain. His wife said: "Take the baby, Jack." He turned round quickly and in reaching for the child strained the muscles of his back.

The injury has only just improved in time to let Rawlings take his place at inside-left in the England team in the amateur International trial at Ipswich.

36 WAS TOO MANY

Jockeys and trainers complained about the number of runners in the opening race at Sandown Park, for which 36 went to the post. 11 too many for the main number board.

Leading trainer Fulke Walwyn said it was positively dangerous. He had another entry, in addition to Playhouse, which he would like to have run if the race had been divided to make it fair for jockeys and horses.

SUPPORTERS FIRST

At Brentford the parent club and the Supporters' Club are hand-in-glove.

Evidence is the allocation of one ticket for the third round FA Cup-tie against Chelsea, on January 7 to each of the supporters. There are about 5,000 of them.

SOCCER IN SILK

Best-dressed soccer side in England (according to local claims) is Norwich City. All silk canary yellow shirts with green collars and cuffs.

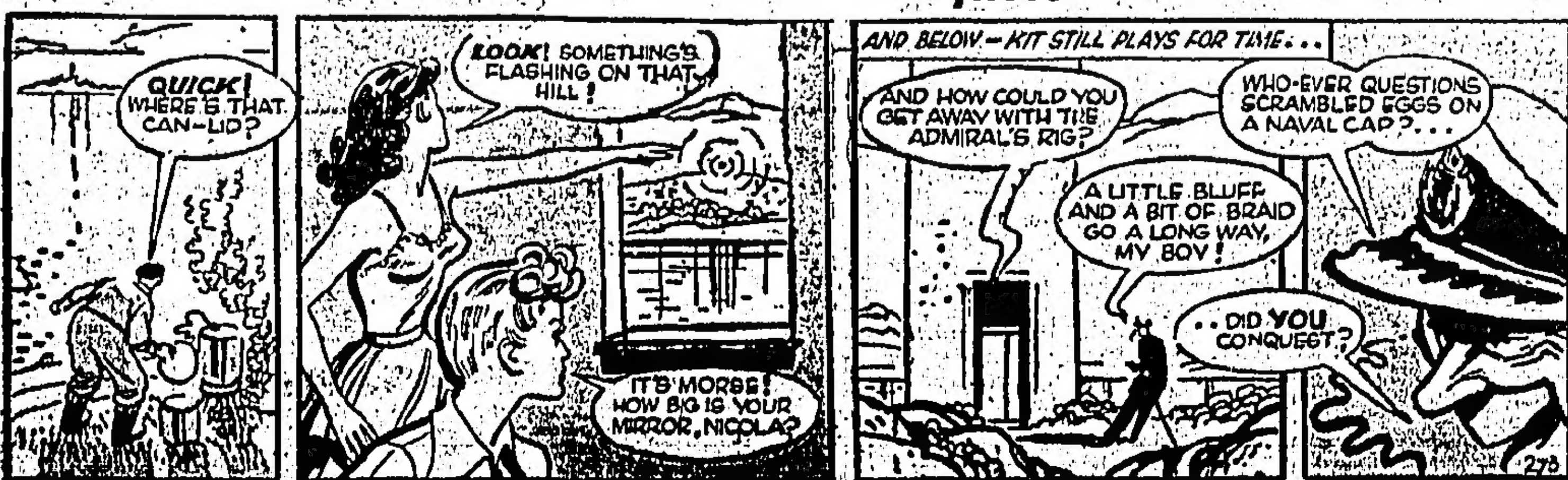
Supply will go on Norwich weavers say they will continue to give the club as many shirts as are needed.

ICE PLANT?

What is the correct term for a "sitter-out"? Surely not a "ice plant," perhaps.

(London Express Service)

Mister Conquest

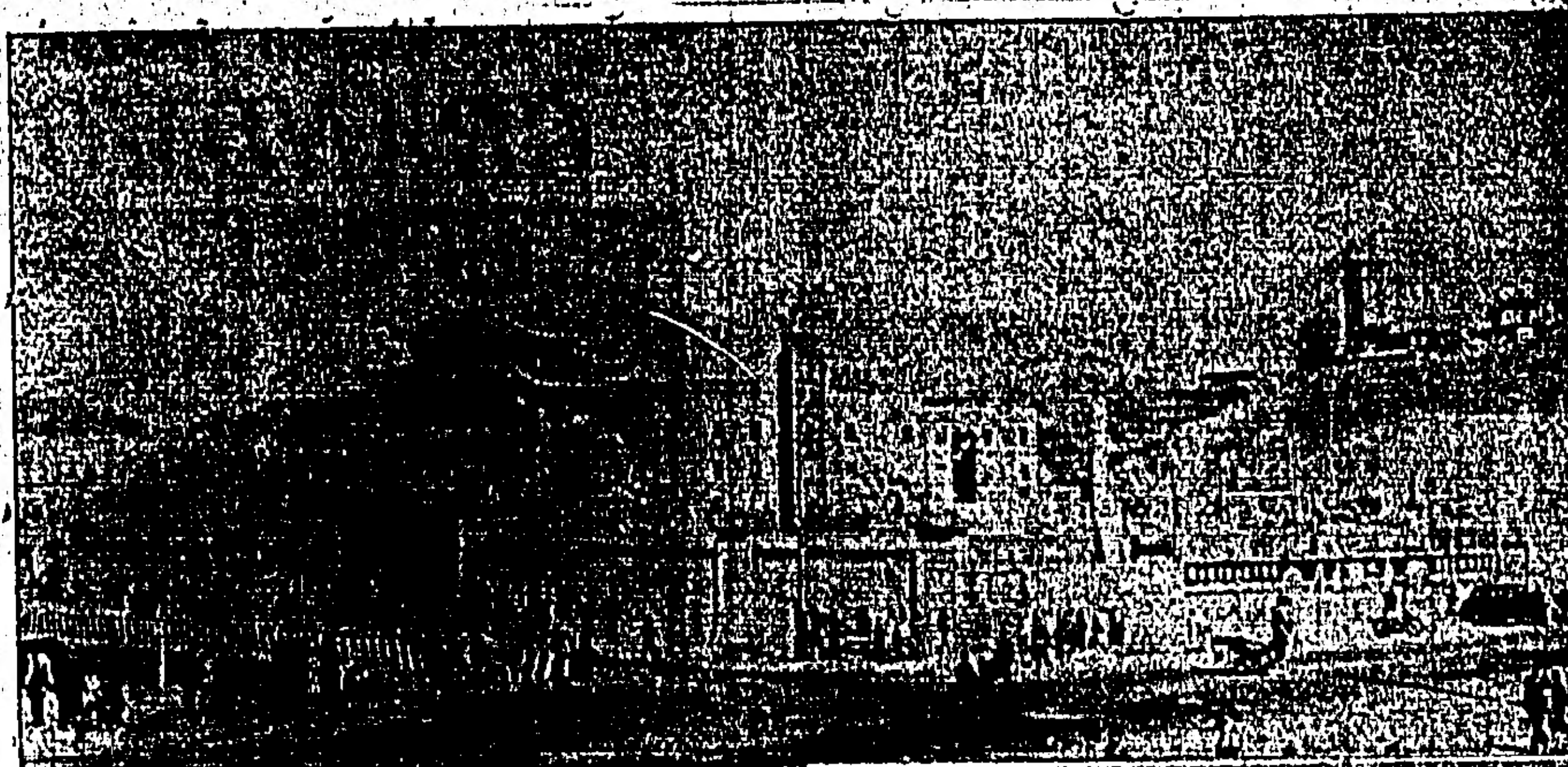




THE choir of St John's Cathedral, with the choirboys carrying colourful lanterns, sang Christmas carols in the grounds of Government House last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE first wedding to be solemnised in the new Union Church since the war was that between Mr Fred J. Brockbank and Miss Patricia Galloway (right), which took place last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



OVER half a million people have visited the Hongkong Products Exhibition in Kowloon. Above is a general view of the picturesque entrance tower. Right: inside the exhibition grounds. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Guy Hilliar and Miss Grace Penn, who were married at the Registry last week. (Francis Wu)



MRS Rosa Weill (above) opened the new Jewish Club on Robinson Road, which replaced the old building destroyed during the war. Left: some of those who attended the ceremony. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Eugono Wu and Miss Margaret Huang, who were married at St John's Cathedral on Christmas Day. (Francis Wu)



MAJOR Hawes, Major Calvert and Mr Cash at a party given by the first-named at the Hongkong Hotel recently. (Jimmy Foo)



RIGHT: Warrant Officers and Sergeants of 16 Infantry Workshops, REME, snapped at a Christmas tiffin party at their mess. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



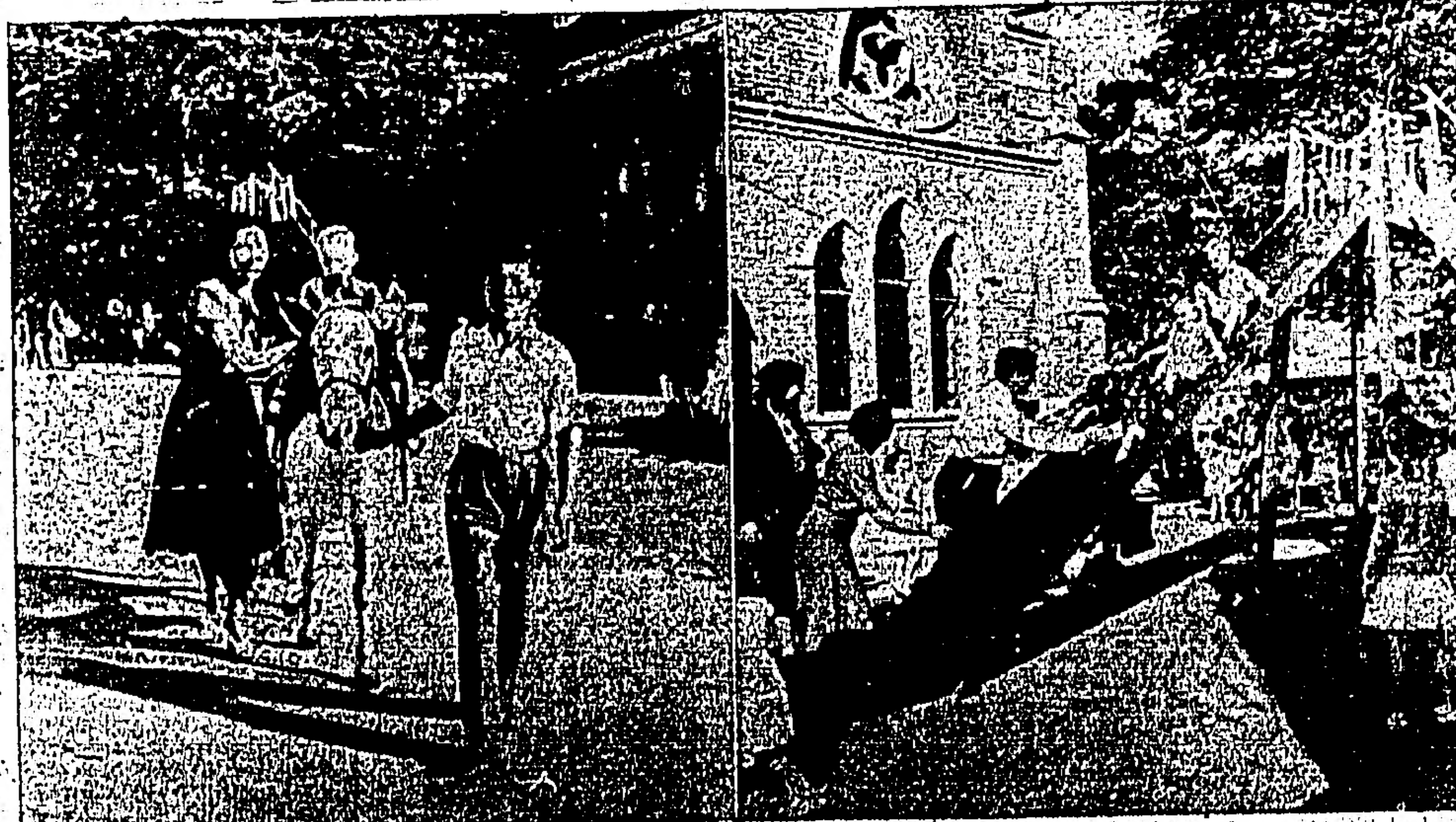
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TWO pictures taken at a Christmas garden party for children held in the grounds of St Andrew's Church. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Woman fashion expert dreams of a London Gallery of Costumes for 1951 Festival
GRANDMOTHER'S 18-in. WAIST WAS A MYTHRUTH DRAPER
In the "morning pelisse" of 1834.LYNN REDGRAVE
In the "fussy, impractical" dress of a child of 1863.VIVIEN LEIGH
In the dress that started the whole collection, a heavily trimmed gaberdine tunic of 1877.MOIRA SHEARER
Wears a log-of-mutton bridal gown of 1894.MARY MALCOLM
In the bottle green velvet jacket worn in 1898 by her grandmother, Lily Langley, with her in her daughter, Lucy Bartlett.JOYCE REDMAN
As a bathing belle of 1901.**And boyish look of '20s was an optical illusion**

By EILEEN ASCROFT

A GALLERY of costumes for all who are interested in fashion, is the dream of fashion expert Doris Langley Moore, who has probably the finest collection of 19th and 20th century English dresses.

She would like to see this form the basis of an all-embracing fashion museum—including reference library, pictures, and actual clothes of every era.

"Imagine it," says Mrs. Langley Moore, "as a place where, besides historic specimens, there would be current fashions on view."

Selected examples of the latest textiles, and the best pro-

ducts of our tailors and couturiers would be acquired year by year, with appropriate accessories.

An inspiration

What a splendid addition this Gallery of Costume would be to London's museums.

Apart from a source of knowledge and inspiration for our fashion industry, and a constant fascinating history lesson for our youth, it would be a valuable show-place for overseas visitors.

And what better time to open it than the 1951 Festival of Britain?

Many of Mrs. Langley Moore's fascinating dresses are photographed for her latest book *The Woman in Fashion*.

Actresses like Vivien Leigh, ballerinas such as Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer, and film stars including Greta Garbo and Audrey Hepburn have modelled the dresses.

Grandma's Fraud

One of the most interesting revelations made by Mrs. Langley Moore is that the waist of the Victorian Miss was not 18 in. as our grandmothers liked to boast. It was at least 20 in.

Smallest waist in the whole collection is 21 in.

Explanation for the 18 in. myth, Miss Moore thinks, is that grandmothers remember their childhood a little idealistically—also that clothes were so cunningly contrived to build out bust and hips, that the waistline looked automatically smaller.

Other myths exploded are that Victorian hips and bosoms were rounder, and that shoulders sloped in a manner unknown today.

The former was due to built-out cage-like corsets, the latter to skilful cut.

The coveted boyish look of the mid-twenties has also become exaggerated with the years.

Mrs. Langley Moore prophesies that these women "... will soon be assuring their descendants that they were absolutely straight up and down, which was certainly the fashion-plate figure, and the optical illusion every smart woman attempted, and many attained."

"The fact that they were not straight up and down is attested by the mere existence of a younger generation."

Women's figures have, in fact, changed very little with the years. The average model today has no difficulty in getting into any of Mrs. Langley Moore's collection.

—And those tiny feet

Of 63 specimens from 1805 to 1870, 18 dresses definitely needed models of small stature, 5 ft. 3 in. or under; 28 called for a height of 5 ft. 4 in. and 20 required wearers of 5 ft. 6 in.

Our grandmothers' much admired tiny feet also come in

for their share of debunking in this fascinating book.

Mrs. Langley Moore points out that the Victorian woman, through vanity, wore pitifully light shoes and suffered agonies from corns and other foot troubles. Those pretty, pointed little boots and slippers of the seventies and eighties concealed much unsightliness.

As to the twenties, when pointed toes and high Louis heels were in vogue, she writes: "Not one woman in a

hundred could expose her naked feet to an aesthetic eye without provoking repugnance, so unshapely and blemished had they become."

(London Express Service)

Hair Up

Clips-on feathered halo gives Sylvia Sydney the most unusual-looking hair-do seen in Hollywood this winter. The shawl collar of her gown is tied with a sailor's knot.

By Joan Erskine

IN 1947 THE NEW LOOK BURST UPON US, AND IN 1950...?

LONDON. IN 1947 the "New Look" burst upon us. In 1949, the "New Look" as such, left us. And in 1950...?

Our skirts will be anything from two to four inches shorter than we have been accustomed to see lately. The general line, which has been getting steadily simpler, is staying that way. The classic court shoe can still curl a derisive lip (or should it be vamp?) at its bestrapped and be-decked rivals.

A little thought is going into the design of our headgear—so we may have a slight variation on the cloche and the beret. Our heads will not be so much hugged next year, as caressed, by cleverly folded and draped hats which in nearly all cases accentuate one side of the face only. With some ingenuity, those of us who are convinced we present two quite different profiles to the world, will be able to hide one or the other completely.

Year For Suits

Now that hair stylists have done their worst for us, they admit defeat, though not in so many words, by producing odd tails of hair in contrasting colours with which we can try to replenish our sadly depleted locks.

1950 will be the year for suits—and the line is a belted one

with slightly bloused back and tight skirt. The strictly tailored suit has lost none of its popularity, but the belted suit has taken precedence at the moment. The leading fabric is tweed, neat-patterned, in neutral or pastel shades. Almost without exception, makers have returned to the inset sleeve with very slight padding. Belts are usually in self-material, sometimes half belted at the back only. Occasionally a fine narrow leather belt is used. The other interesting feature seen on town and country suits is an adaptation of the novel cape effect introduced in Paris by Robert Piguet.

Sketched here is a suit that will be seen in London in the spring. It is in a mist blue tweed with narrow belt, and has a cape, one half of which buttons at the back, and the other at the front. Also sketched is MATTEI's black suit of grosgrain type rayon, which has the appearance of corded silk. The maker of the fabric calls it "Wen Chu," which points to a Chinese influence. The suit, with its winged cape descending to a point at the centre back, is one of the most elegant we have seen yet, and is suitable for cocktail or afternoon wear.

Spring Doubles

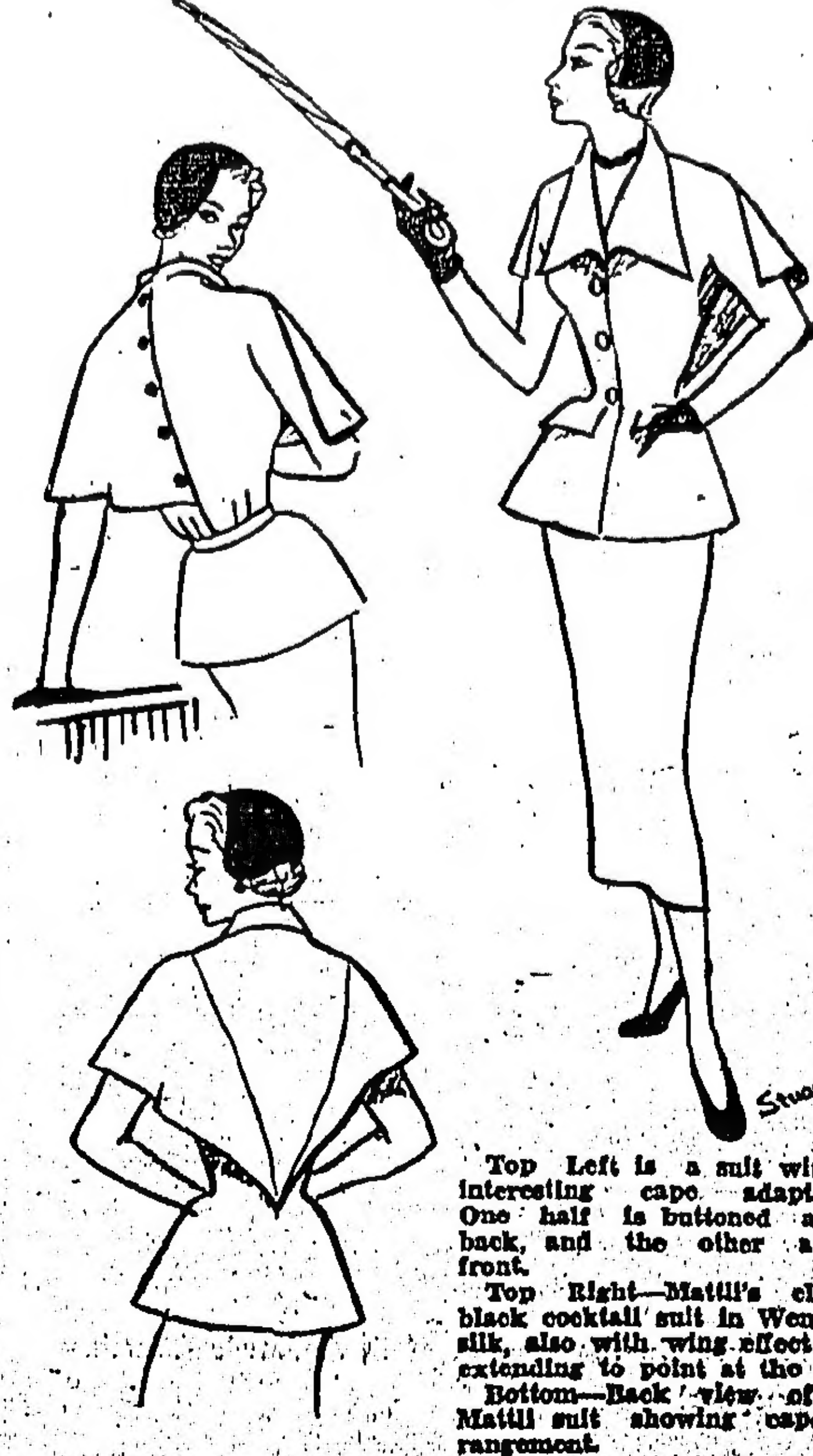
The most interesting suit news is from BRENNER SPORTS—who produced "Spring Doubles" for the new season. This is an idea which will be greeted with enthusiasm by all women—for it provides two entirely different skirts with each jacket. One is knits-planted all round—the other is straight. A particularly attractive "double" was in forget-me-not birdseye tweed with detachable pockets on the jacket. The idea is certainly still further theme.

Another welcome idea is the turtleneck blouse suit. The suit again takes on two different personalities—the unlined jacket top can either be worn as such, or buttoned, and tucked into the pleated skirt to serve as a shirt-waist dress. Apart from the usefulness of having these dual-purpose suits, there is the added advantage of having an extra-odd skirt to wear with a sweater or blouse.

Top Left is a suit with an interesting cape adaptation. One half is belted at the back, and the other at the front.

Top Right—Mattei's elegant black cocktail suit in Wen Chu silk, also with wing effect cape extending to point at the back.

Bottom—Back view of the Mattei suit showing cape arrangement.



tails, dinner, or evening wear, choose a plain dark suit in grosgrain, faille or velveteen with strapless top and fitting jacket. Nowadays these treble-duty outfits are so well made that they can be worn in the afternoon with no hint of the jewelled bodice beneath the jacket.

Equal Success

For town and country wear, choose a "Spring Double" whether in plaid or solid checks. Whatever the material, these outfits are good value. The idea could be carried out in silk or satin, sharkskin or shantung with equal success.

But if you have already economised, and would like to greet the new season with an extravagant flourish, Bianca Mosca shows an ideal coat and dress. The coat is in black silk mallesse, with voluminous back fullness falling from a yoke. The front is fitted, and there is unusual pleating on the collar and elbows.

Don't touch these fur coats—they bite

REPORTS of New York spring collections reveal a strong Eastern influence. Jay Thorpe's bride room has Punjab trousers for the boudoir, in muted pink taffetas shot with gold. Javaneese gold head-dresses, and harem hip drapery on sheath-like white taffetas wedding gown.

Striped Indian silks in beautiful colours are used for shirt-waist styles, by Janet Taylor, richly beaded Oriental brocades figure in the Travis Banton collection, and Hattie Carnegie shows rich brocaded evening gowns with looped-up hems and one bare shoulder.

Glamour furs

OTHER fashion highlights include polka-dot knitted cardigans from Nettie Rosenstein, fantastically coloured furs, such as scarlet mole-skin for a mandarin coat, caramel Persian lamb, for a windbreaker, and pine green for a shaver, fox "shortie," and "pull-over" dresses in the Capri collection.

These have loose, cap-sleeved jacket-tops, belted above slim skirts.

Glamour fur styles show an evening cape of white ermine

crush fabric, with a one-sided scarf edged with mink tails, and a belted jacket of white fleece with large pockets and small collar of leopard.

The Eton cap

YOUTHFUL hat is the Eton cap, in grey flannel, the exact copy of a little boy's cap. Romantic versions of the restaurant hat include pillbox shapes, bejewelled and befeathered, and brief cloches in taffetas or sheer tulle.

Breeding a coat

SEVEN different coloured minks, varying from pale coffee to almost black, were unusual exhibits at the National Fur Show.

First characteristics noted were the unpleasant rather skunk-like smell and the big notice saying, "Do not touch—they bite."

These seven little luxuries, valued at nearly £200, will have interested many people with spare land. Mink farming is becoming more popular in this country and three-quarters of an acre will accommodate about 1000 mink.

Cost of a mink trio (a male and two females) is about £50. Minks have their "kits" in the spring, usually a family of three or four. At this rate it would

not take many years to breed yourself a fine mink coat. Price of pelts in the market to sell varies between £3 and £5 and feeding materials are not expensive. Fish offal from the local fishmonger and a small amount of meat offal, are the mink's staple diet, and a good water supply is essential.

In London we see

Skirts with stitched pleats which clean or wash.

Black lace cut in one with oyster pink satin, so that it looks like one material.

Uncrushable, featherweight crinkle nylon—a peacocking dream.

Printed, heavy-weight tussore, creaseless and washable.

Fancy elastic braces printed with hunting scenes and a "goddess" bathing.

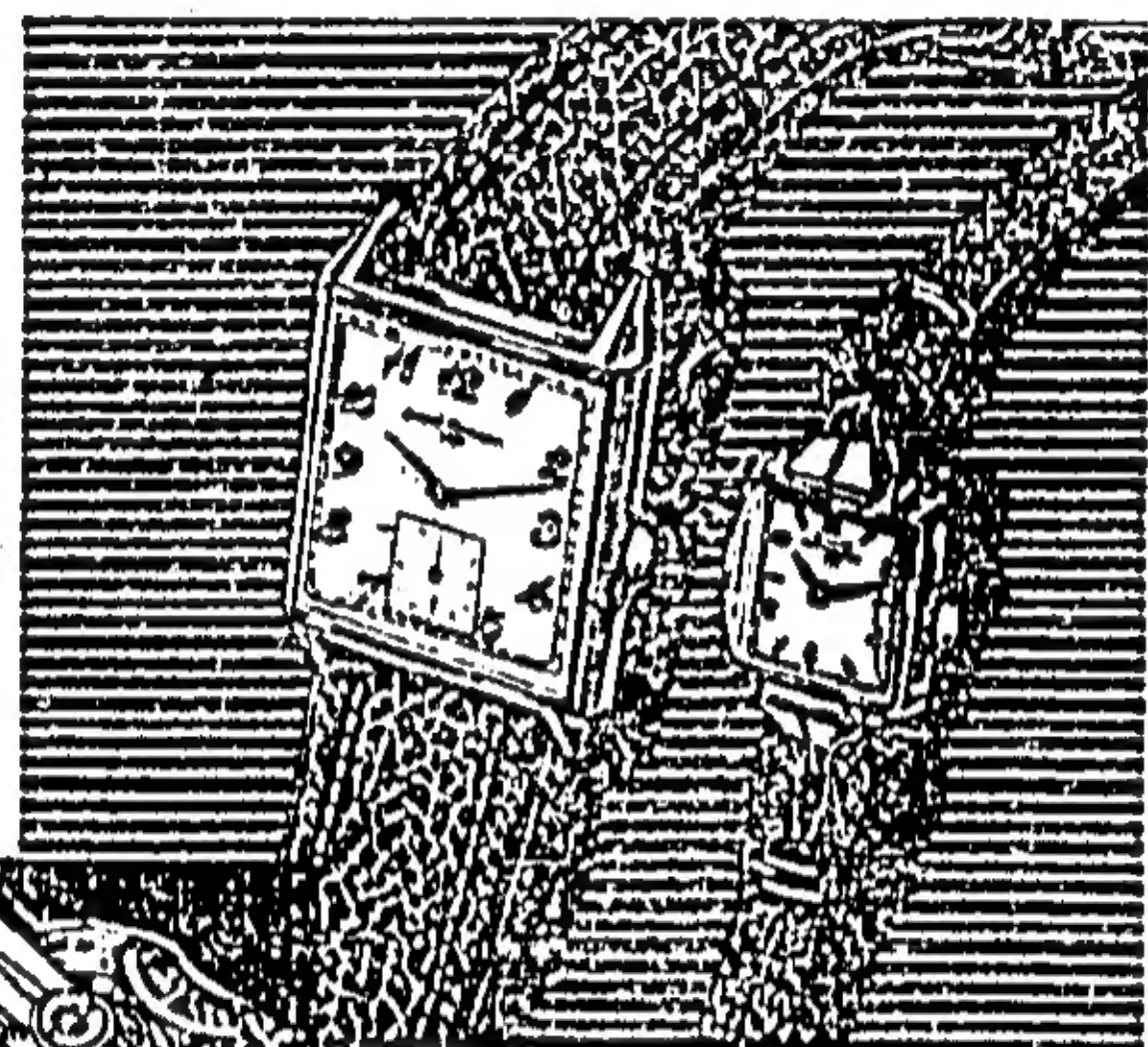
Evening gloves of contrasting colours, such as one of lime green and one of old rose.

Footnote

FOOT fashion of the week... delicate Japanese sandals made of polished bamboo with red-embroidered velvet straps held between the first and second toe... one of the fascinating exhibits of a bamboo collection from Japan, shown in London by the "Council of Industrial Design."

MACKINTOSH'S

HAVE A FEW OF THEIR DESK CALENDARS LEFT AND WOULD BE PLEASED TO GIVE ONE TO ANY OF THEIR FRIENDS WHO CARES TO CALL IN OR SEND A CHIT. PLEASE APPLY EARLY.

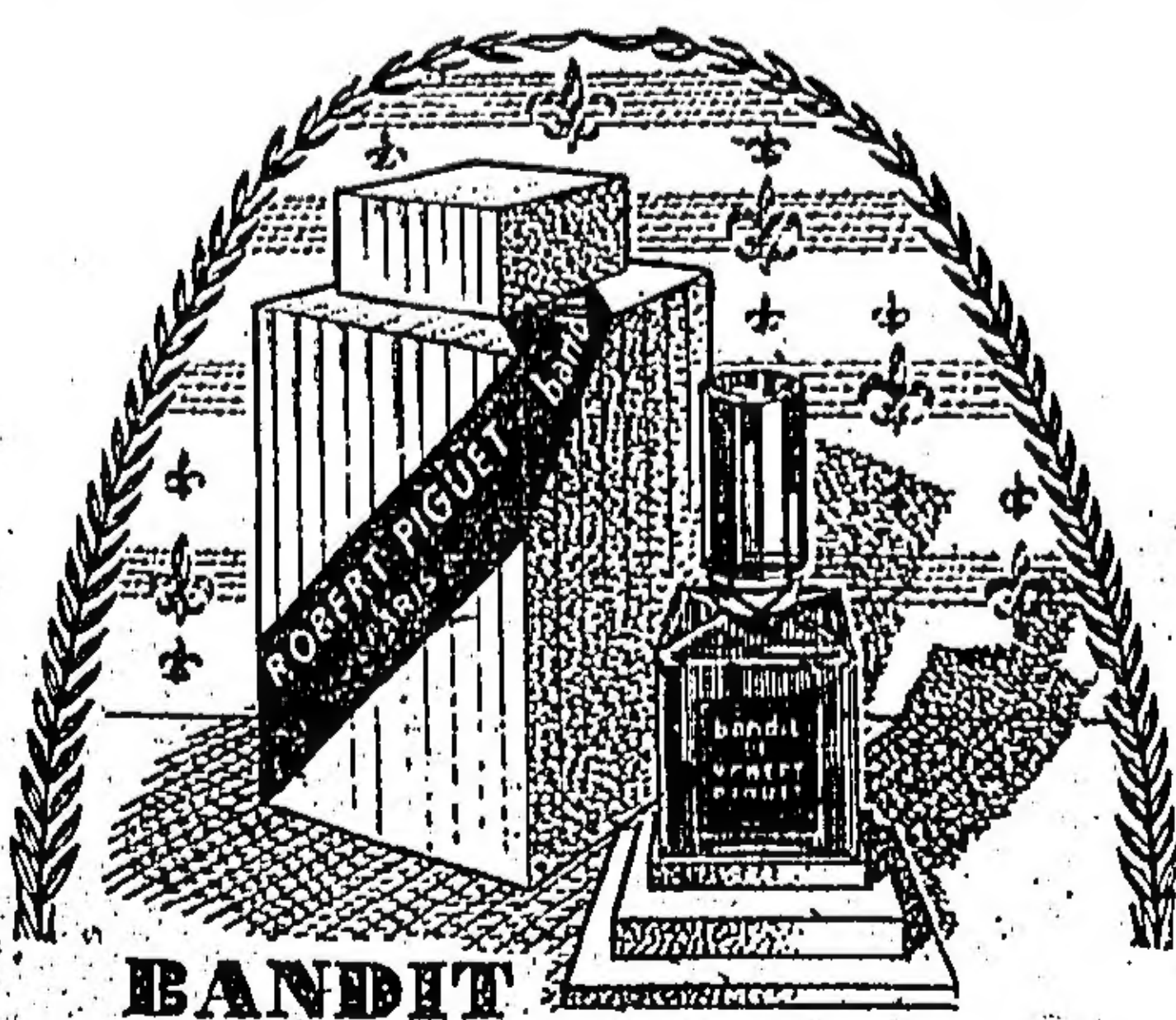
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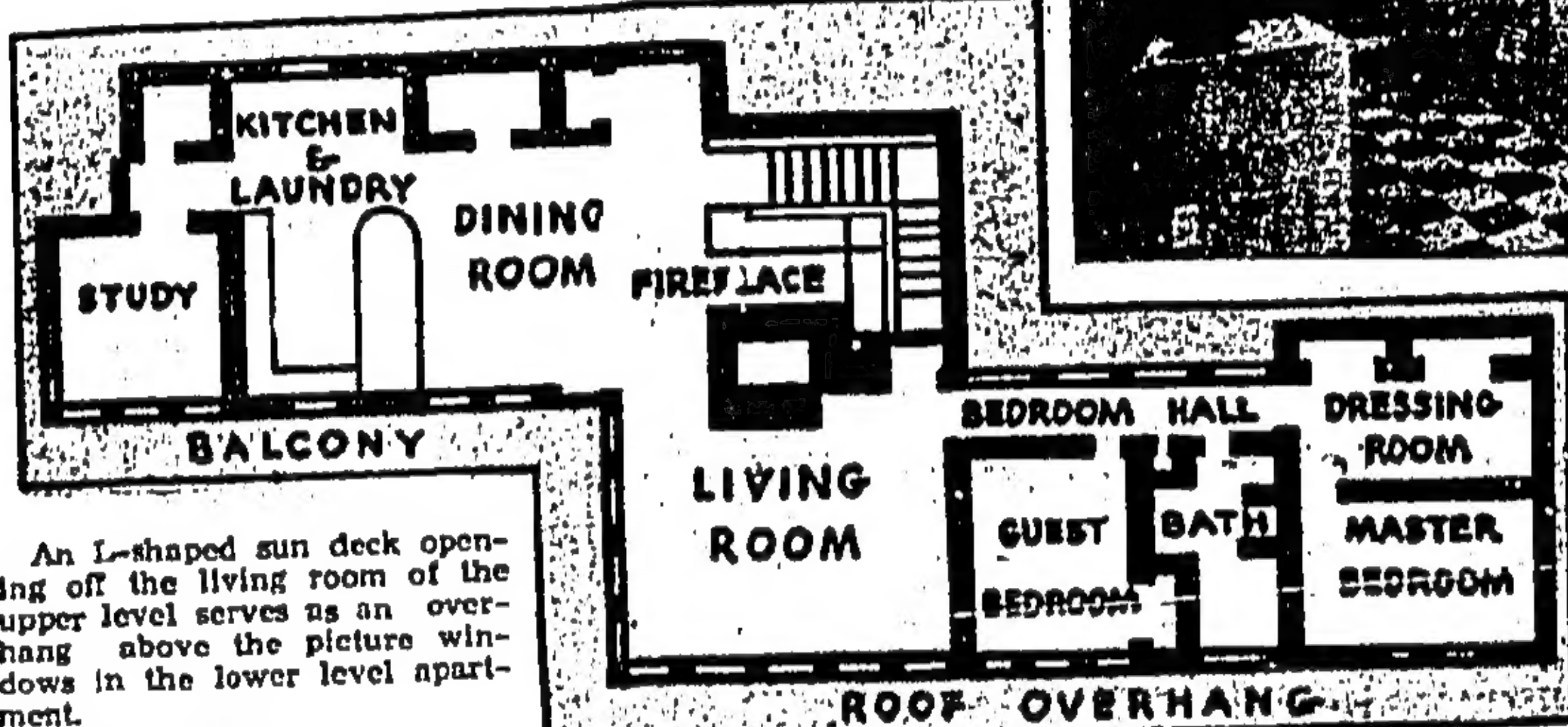


THIS CHARMING HILLSIDE HOUSE with its clean, straight, shadow-free lines, and sliding, placed horizontally near the caves, is distinctive in appearance. The two levels provide self-contained and independent living for two separate family units.

By MARION CLYDE MCCARROLL

BUILT on a hillside to command sweeping views, the house above is a two-level affair, designed to provide self-contained living for two separate family units.

On the upper level, master bedroom and dressing-room, guest bedroom and bath, occupy one end of the long horizontal floor, connecting by a hallway with living room, dining room, kitchen, and study in the other part. The lower level consists of a small complete apartment, plus garage at the far end. An open stairway in the centre of the house which connects the two levels is concealed by a long, built-in seat beside the brick fireplace wall.



An L-shaped sun deck opening off the living room of the upper level serves as an overhang above the picture windows in the lower level apartment.

The distinctive appearance of the house on the outside is achieved by huge panels used on the exterior walls to create clean, straight shadow-free lines, and by the use of sliding placed horizontally near the eaves.

The asphalt tile flooring, the entire walls of windows, and the large areas of exposed brickwork for the central fireplace are other features which add to the unique, distinction of the house. The fireplace, incidentally, virtually serves as a wall itself, partially dividing the

TWO BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM and bath occupy one end of the upper level, with living room, dining room, kitchen and study at the other.

living room from the dining room.

Furnishings and lighting harmonise with the modern design of the home. Natural Oregon birch makes the dining room furniture, whose coral chair upholstery contrasts pleasingly with the blues and grays of kitchen, and living room. Black-and-white checker-

board asphalt tile flooring, installed over a smooth-surfaced plywood sub-floor in dining room and kitchen, provides further attractive contrast.

In the living room, sectional furniture is upholstered in terra cotta tones which, with ebony tables, contrast with the blue and gray of walls, rugs and draperies.

THE HUGE BRICKWORK fireplace acts as a partial wall between the big living room and the dining room.



A PICTURE WINDOW MAKES one entire wall of the living room, where the wide roof overhang, and cool blue plywood walls prevent sun glare.

Entertaining On New Year's Eve

By ALICE DENHOFF

OF course there are just sands of folk that see in the blithe New Year at their favourite restaurant or who make up a table for supper and dance up the town's leading ballroom. But for most of us, it is the house party that offers the big attraction, especially when there is a large family and group of friends.

Fare ranges from just beverages, coffee and fruit cake and perhaps sandwiches served after the company returns from Watch Night services, to chafin dish parties or elaborate buffet suppers. The latter is desirable when the guests have been asked to arrive early and stay late. In that case, substantial fare is indicated, which is the case with us.

Our menu will include chicken with mushrooms and sweetbreads, stuffed tomatoes, deviled eggs, cranberry jelly, sweet pickles, olives, celery, hot baking powder biscuits, plied apple pie, fruit cake, plain cake, cookies, coffee.

As for the service, the tomatoes will be scooped out and stuffed with chopped celery, cucumbers and tomatoes mixed lightly with salad dressing. The tomatoes will be arranged in the centre of two round chop plates which have been covered with watercress. The deviled eggs are placed around the edge

of the plate, and one of these dishes will be placed at each end of the buffet, with the casserole dish in the centre. We happen to have a very decorative casserole, otherwise the chicken would be served on a large parsley decorated platter.

To prepare the chicken, use 2-3 lb. chickens and have them cut for fricaseeing. Also need is a lb. of mushrooms and 4 sweetbreads. Cook the chicken and the sweetbreads for an hour. Cool, then cut up the meat in small pieces. Into a saucepan place 4 c. rich whole milk. Blend 1/2 c. flour with 1/2 c. margarine or butter; add this to milk. Place over flame; stir until thick.

For a simpler buffet, roast ham, macaroni salad, hot buttered rolls, currant jelly, olives, pickles, celery, watercress followed by ice cream with assorted little cakes, adds up to mighty fine fare, and not so rich as the former menu.

HOW (B)RIGHT IS YOUR 12-YEAR-OLD?

TODAY'S Check-up Chart, based on ten years' study of boys and girls, is designed to help you sum up the progress of a 12-year-old. How many of the points can you tick off with confidence? The ticks are for Vanessa Redgrave—see picture.

- ✓ CLEAR-EYED, co-operative, and cleanish are the 12-year-old boy and girl.
- ✓ Home takes second place to school, sports, and personal interests.
- ✓ Girls, bigger than boys for the only time in their lives, are now on average 5 stone 11lb. stand two inches taller at 4ft. 9ins. and, slightly developed, have a chest measurement of 29ins. Boy of 12 can expand their normal chest measurement of 27ins (stripped) to 29 1/2ins. with ease.
- ✓ Personal vanity is at an all-time low.
- ✓ Neck, hair, teeth are given attention only on adult command.
- ✓ Clothes hung on any how and general untidiness to continual source of friction at home.
- ✓ At school, the 12-year-old is delighted to handle both in work and games. A strong sense of co-operation has now developed.
- ✓ Appeals to honesty, and "playing for the side" are always rewarding.
- ✓ Cutting the second set of molars, 28 good sound teeth should now fill an even jaw and for some years—until the mid-teens—no fillings should be necessary.
- ✓ 2,200 calories of food are required to keep the 12-year-old in good health. This is the same amount as that for a 50-year-old man doing active work.
- ✓ Hot supper is essential.



★ Vanessa Redgrave, 12-year-old daughter of actress Rachel Kempson (above) and Michael Redgrave, filled in the ticks whenever her mother hesitated.

With a younger brother and sister, Vanessa lives in a big riverside house at Chiswick, W.

She likes—ballet dancing, bloodthirsty films, and lacrosse.

She dislikes—Latin, knitting, detective stories.

Idea of a perfect Christmas present: miniature portable radio.

Can cope with fractions, beginnings of geometry, simple French.

Can do Latin translations.

Essays poor in construction but vivid in facts. Abstract thought poor.

Memory excellent.

This is the age to look for the artist. Watch line work and colour sense. If line good clear long, and accurate, and colour sense balanced and natural (that is pertaining to nature and objects seen), then you may have an artist on your hands.

Sense of humour just in its birth. At first "custard pie" variety, but the healthy 12-year-old are about to stand back and see themselves—and laugh when necessary.

Boys and girls can now swim breast-stroke, and plunge-dive.

Visits cinema once a week in holidays and as often as allowed in term time. Prefers animal, cartoon, and historical films.

Does 40 minutes' homework.

Appeals to parents on points forgotten. Girls prefer girls to play with and boys prefer boys.

Sings in perfect tune (if ever able to).

Knows the simple facts of childbirth.

But not of sexual relationships.

Usually without any curiosity on sexual facts.

Leg muscles more developed than trunk and shoulder. Can vault horse, high jump—girls 3ft. 10ins. boys 3ft. 11ins.

Able to tackle, though not perhaps entirely digest "Gulliver's Travels," Scott, Stevenson, and Jules Verne.

Dislikes fantasy unless humorous.

Needs 11 hours' sleep but rarely gets it. Bed at eight o'clock should be rule for active 12-year-old.

Girls can knit, embroider, and cook a simple dinner.

(Boys) can make wooden box, do minor repairs to bicycle, and erect beautifully detailed models.

Table manners good.

Religious instincts in abeyance.

(London Express Service)

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.... and the chilly days of Autumn approach, the common-cold comes out to play with renewed vigour—thanks to Sero-calcin its playtime of infection is only short-lived.

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INDIGESTION

... and its resultant pains are often caused by excess stomach acidity. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia works two ways to relieve this stomach acid upset: 1. As an acid stomach alkalizer, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is one of the fastest, most effective known to science. 2. As a gentle laxative, Phillips' can be taken without thought of embarrassing urgency. Caution: Use only as directed, in the economy bottle size, or in handy, easy-to-carry tablet form.

Liquid or Tablets

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

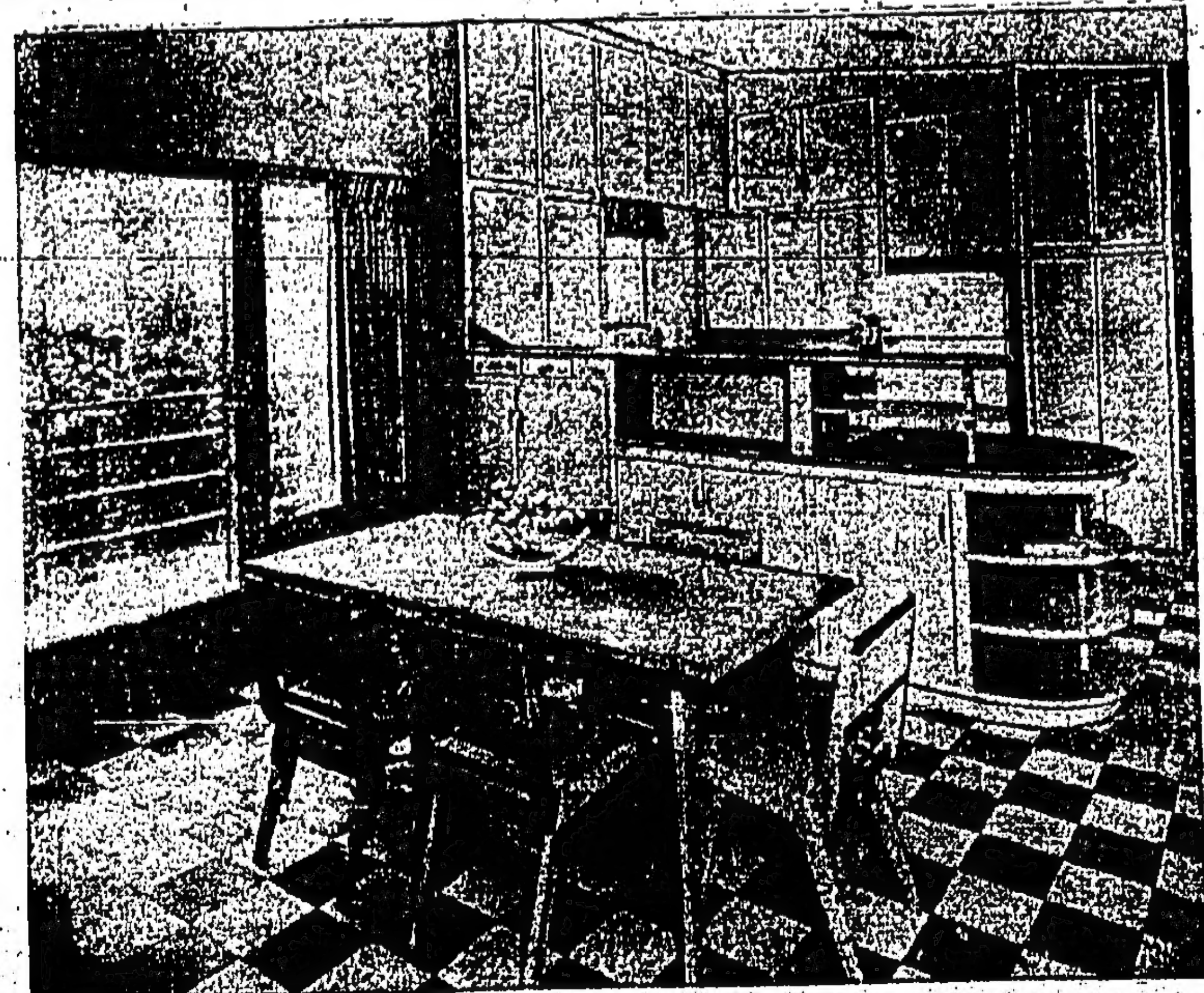
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When drying knitted rayons, keeps the material from being hung them over the clothesline, crushed and wrinkled in the with weight evenly distributed, limited space under the head, or dry flat. They will need no pressing if dried smoothly.

To protect your oven from rust, leave the door open a few minutes when first lighting the oven. Moisture will collect in the door, is closed, and the oven will rust.

It is easy to iron the shoulders of a garment when you use a tailor's iron. They are inexpensive and last for years. A tailor's cushion is very helpful too, in ironing sleeve gathers and other hard-to-get-at places. Always iron into the gathers; never across them.

LOW PLYWOOD CABINETS AND a breakfast bar separate kitchen and dining room, which share a black-and-white asphalt tile floor. Sub and gray plywood walls, cork-upholstered chairs complete the colour scheme.

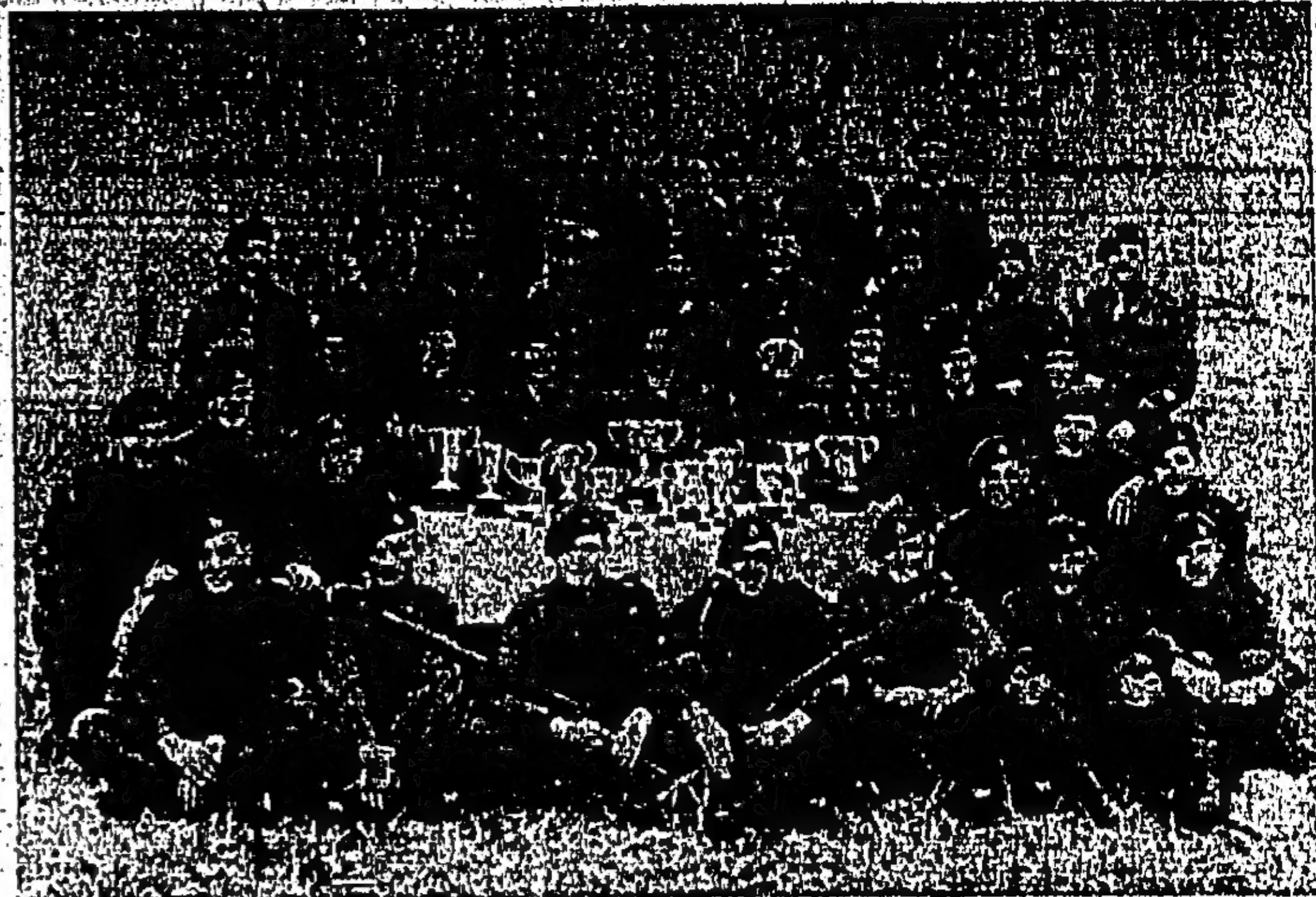




MR Chiu Shiu-tin and Miss Rita Tong were married at a ceremony in the Hongkong Hotel Roof Garden last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the South China Morning Post Canteen photographed at their third annual Christmas Eve tiffin. Below: some members of the SCMP Sports Association enjoying lunch on Boxing Day at Cheung Chau, where they played football and basketball against local teams. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Royal Marines team which won the recent Inter-Services Rifle Shooting Competition by a big margin at Stoncutters Island. Left: the Police "C" team, which won the S. W. Lee Trophy. Below: the shoot in progress. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



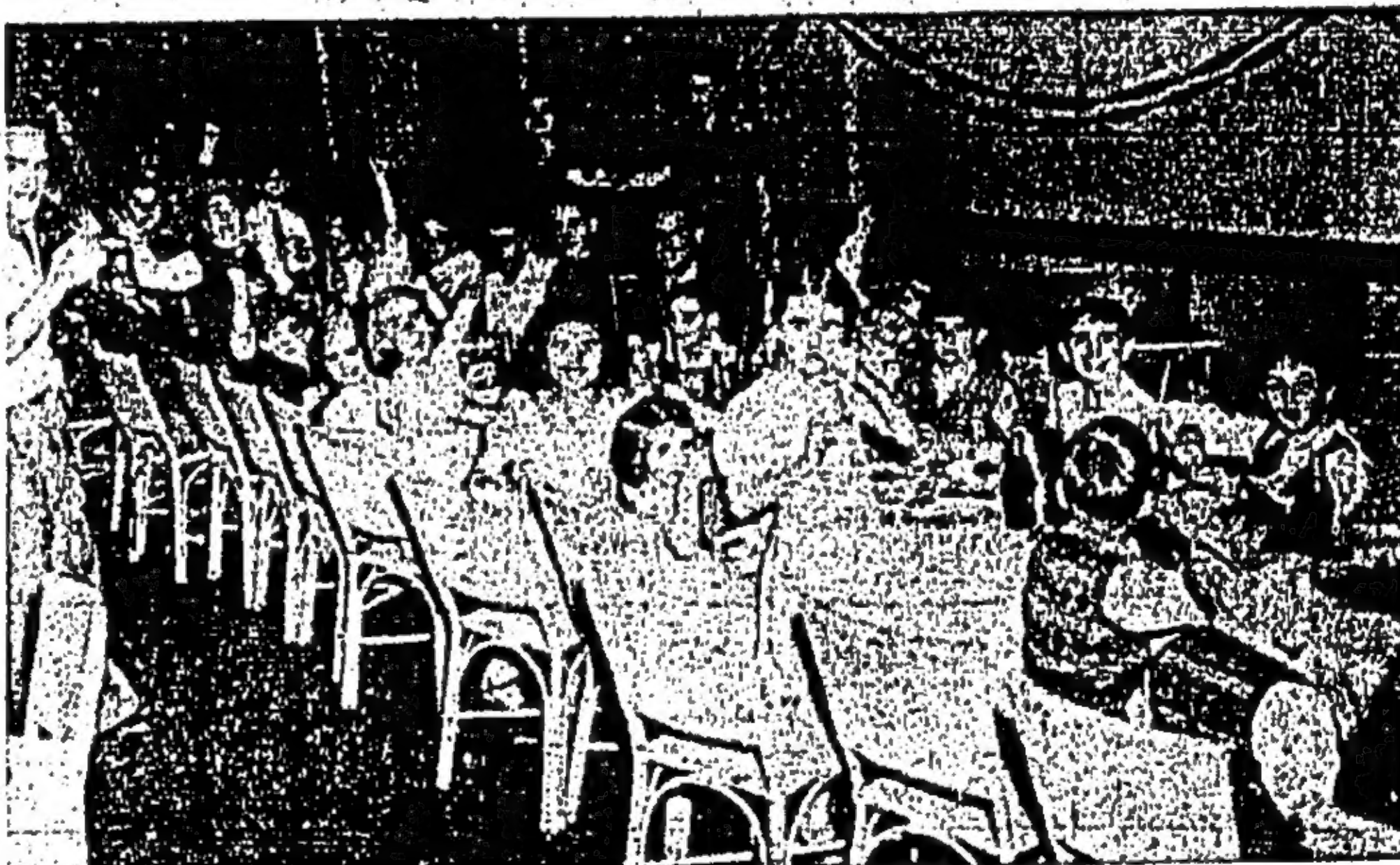
THE Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Valtorta, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, presenting prizes at the Wah Yan College prizegiving last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Cercle Sportif de l'Indo-Chine and their guests photographed at a recent gathering. (Golden Studio)



RIGHT: A group of happy youngsters at the Christmas party held in the Royal Naval Yard Police Canteen. Left: Santa hands out presents at the party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SOME of those who attended the Christmas party at the Peter Pan Kindergarten School. (Ming Yuen)

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PHOTOGRAPH taken at the Christmas dinner of the Royal Naval Yard Police Canteen. Seen speaking is the Superintendent, Mr Wigginton. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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WHAT'S GOING ON

By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

MOST intriguing problem: Where has the Harewood fortune gone?

In 1916 Lord Lascelles, the present Earl's father, inherited £2,500,000 from his uncle, the Marquis of Clanricarde.

Thirteen years later Lord Lascelles' father left him another £300,000, together with 30,000 acres in Yorkshire, much more valuable today than when he inherited them.

And this was not all; for he had meanwhile married the daughter of King George V., and though the private fortune of the royal family is never published it is reputed to be one of the greatest in Europe.

Yet when, as Lord Harewood, he died in 1947 he left only £540,000.

And now his son says he must sell much of his land to pay the £182,000 death duties bill.

Do not shed tears over Lord Harewood's difficulty in raising so small a sum out of such vast resources.

Ask yourself rather: where has the fortune gone?

Beer is best!

ALTHOUGH it is more usual today to find peers selling their land than buying, there is an almost unique exception, the phenomenal Arthur Nall-Cain, second Lord Brocket. He is adding to his possessions.

At 45 he now owns three estates in England, four in Scotland, and two in Ireland.

For good measure he has two London houses, an hotel in Tralee, and another in Dublin.

The greater part of these possessions were not inherited. He has built his empire for himself—on beer—and is reported to run all his land at a profit.

Good for 'Nye'

PAT ON THE BACK for Mr 'Nye' Ewan. Like Daniel he is about to enter the lions' den.

He has agreed to attend a meeting of Fleet Street journalists in January to talk to them on the duty of a newspaper in a democracy, and to face all comers in a half-hour of questions.

It should be a lively afternoon.

The white cloth

LONDON'S Regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, is back in the Tower of London, where it was raised 264 years ago.

There, in the regimental museum, a mud-stained white cloth holds place of honour.

The cloth once belonged to the monks in the Benedictine monastery on Monte Cassino, where the Germans held up the Allied advance to Rome in the spring of 1944.

When the Poles and the Royal Fusiliers eventually stormed the heights, the German survivors took a white table cloth from the monks and hoisted it as a flag of surrender.

It was hauled down by men of the Fusiliers' 'W' Company. Their commander, Major W. I. Thomas, D.S.O., has presented it to the museum.

That is the cloth which today hangs in the Tower of London.

Our debts

RELENTLESSLY as ever, it sometimes a little desperately, proud mothers press on with the annual ceremonial of launching their debutante daughters.

What has happened to the debts of 1949?

Where is Lady Caroline Blackwood, whose mother, Lady Dufferin and Ava, gave her the biggest ball of the season?

Where the glamorous, wide-eyed Laura Smith, daughter of the late Lord Hambleton, who made his millions as governing director of W.H. Smith and Son?

And what has become of Sally Anne, 19-year-old daughter of Lord Vivian?

The debts of today do not seem to be made of the same stuff as their predecessors. They lack stamina for staying in the news.

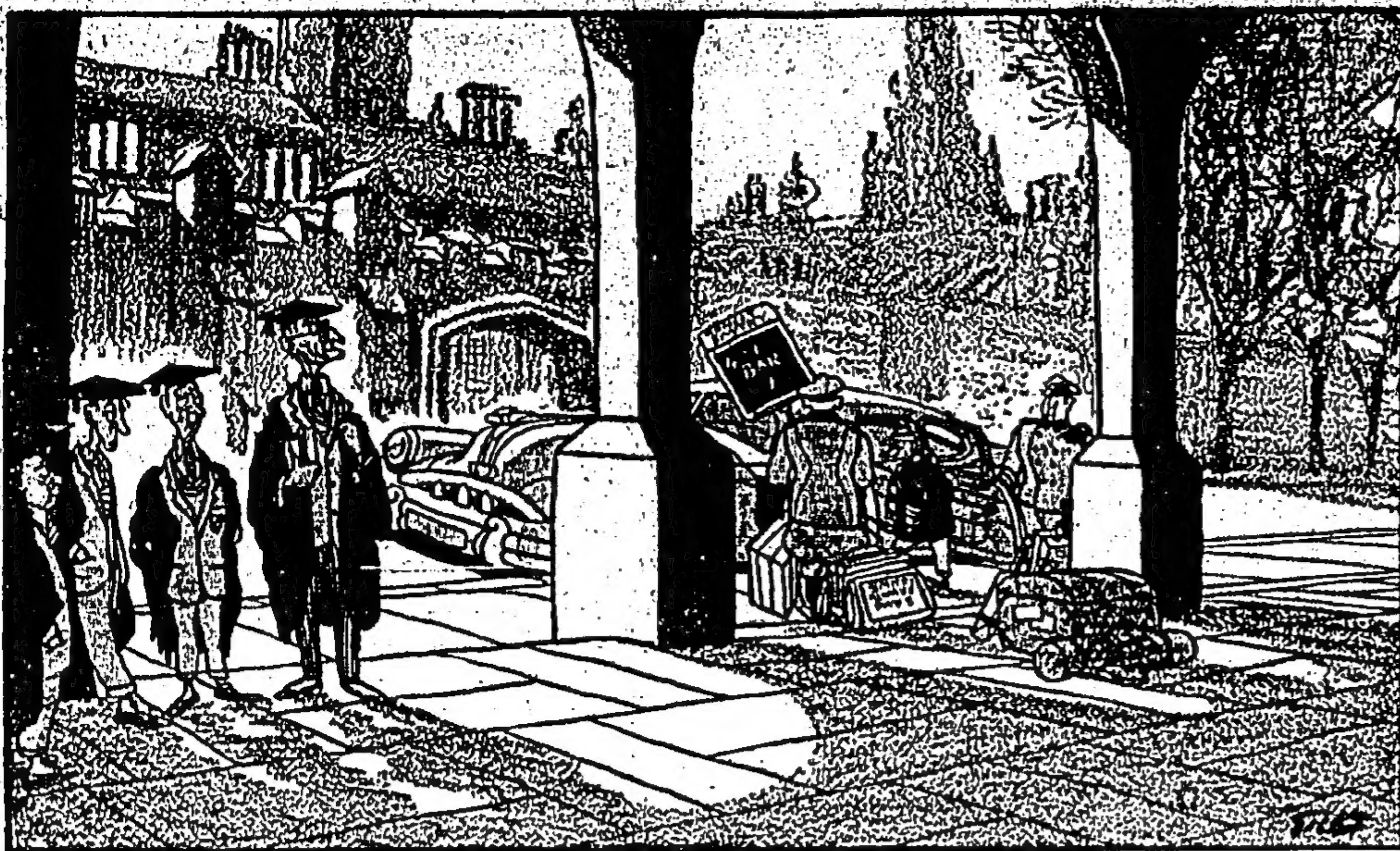
Who, in the 'thirties, could read the newspapers without knowing what was happening to Rose Bingham or Margaret Whigham?

They may not have done important things, but they had personality enough to keep themselves in the news month after month.

Not so the debts of today. Where do they get to, what do they do?

Who knows? And, really, who cares?

(London Express Service)



"Owing to a very efficient book run by Smith Junior this term quite a few of us will be remaining at school for the hols, sir."

London Express Service

Why Professor Haldane's ex-wife forsook Communism

By JOHN PREBBLE



Charlotte Haldane

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE is one of Britain's most eminent scientists. He is also one of Britain's foremost Communists, highly esteemed by the party because of his authority in the intellectual world.

For years he and his wife Charlotte, also an active Communist, were of great propaganda value to the party.

Their work as a political team was all the more effective because of the marriage bond that held it together.

Then suddenly, although Professor Haldane began to figure more and more in the party's activities, there was a silence on the part of Mrs Haldane.

That silence, it is just revealed, began when she was a correspondent in Russia's wartime capital of Kutyshev during the winter of 1941.

On mother's lap

PUSHING THROUGH a crowd of refugees, she found herself staring at the waxen corpse of a starved baby.

It lay on its mother's lap in a cardboard box, entwined with red and white paper flowers.

"I swore a silent oath," she was later to write of the encounter, "that never again would I get on any platform to convince an audience that the Soviet Union was the hope of the toilers of the world."

Four years later this small paragraph appeared in British newspapers.

"Decree nisi granted to Mrs Charlotte Haldane on the ground of desertion by Professor J.B.S. Haldane." Charlotte Haldane never did stand again on a public platform in defence of the Soviet Union.

The irrevocable rejection of what she had then, had been the motivating force in her spiritual life had in its turn an effect on her personal life.

By what means and in what way she and her husband decided to end a partnership which had begun in political and cultural affinity is not plain from the autobiography she has just published (Truth Will Out, Wiedenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.).

Courageous woman

WHAT IS plain is the picture of a pathetic, courageous woman, struggling throughout life to be faithful to her emotions.

Her book is a personal account of what can happen to a sensitive Communist.

It has probably surprised her that the Communists have as yet not attacked her in force for the heretical articles she has published on them.

But an explanation may lie in an incident that occurred before she had thought of leaving the party, although she was at that time thinking of leaving Haldane.

She discussed a possible divorce with William Rust, then

editor of the Daily Worker and one of the most powerful men in the party. He told her bluntly that "the party would not for one moment tolerate a divorce between two comrades whose partnership, in addition to the usefulness of their individual services, was of immense propaganda value to it."

There were other quick decisions to follow. When she was organising help for the Spanish Republic (as a newly joined and still suspect party member), her son, aged 17, told her that he had joined the International Brigade and was off to fight for the Spanish Republic.

She went to see Harry Pollitt, Communist secretary, who said sceptically, "Ah suppose you've come to tell me 'I can't go'?" When she told him that she felt she had no right to withhold her son, "a gleam came into Pollitt's beady-black eyes... He was not used to bourgeois mothers with the courage of their convictions."

Throughout the whole of her book this awareness of being "bourgeois" permeates with her. Even when she is in Paris as a Comintern agent, or in Spain, or in China, or acting as a secret party member within a Labour Party local branch.

In love

CHARLOTTE HALDANE was divorced by her first husband, a man whose health had been ruined by World War I. She was in love with Haldane, and it must have been difficult to rationalise the emotional phrase "I did so by a quick decision to marry him."

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Close friends

SHE WAS born Charlotte Franken, of German ancestry. She grew up fascinated by the concept of individual liberty and freedom of conscience.

When, as a reporter, she interviewed Haldane, she found such feelings reflected in him.

They drifted, in mutual sympathy, through passive anti-Fascism to active membership of the Communist Party.

She made close friends with people in the party, but always with people, as she looks back on

them now, who eventually left the party or who died, like one American in Spain, "shot either in the chest or in the back."

Still, despite the bigamy, the jealousies, the internal squabbles, she remained loyal to the party and her husband, although loyalty to him must have been trying.

On one occasion, she says, he accused her of "causing dropping" on a secret meeting of the party's A.R.P. bureau.

But when she returned to Russia in 1941 as a war correspondent her political disillusion in the Soviet Union and the Communists began.

It lay not in the bugs that infested her bed there or the rats that gambled in the corridors of the Grand Hotel.

It lay rather in the fact that, far from seeing improvements since her first visit, she found only degeneration. Scientists whom her husband had asked her to contact on his part like the great geneticist Vavilov, had either disappeared or were coldly inhospitable.

Once, after seeing some peasants in a condition of almost sub-human depravity and filth, the contemptuous indifference of her guide shook her into self-examination. "I saw myself at home, on C.P. platforms, making impassioned speeches from a sincere conviction, exalting the great and glorious Soviet Union, home of every toiler, the hope of the workers of the world."

Sense of betrayal

BUT STILL she kept such a "ferocious sense of guilt" to herself until she came home. "I was filled with hatred for those party leaders

I was shocked by London's orchestras

London.
Talking about Music...
by
Neville Cardus

We have all experienced the shock of returning to a friend after years of absence and finding him sadly changed, but the people who have seen him every day haven't noticed any marked difference. Some such shock was administered to my system by London orchestras when a year or so ago I came back to this country after a lengthy sojourn among musicians and music-lovers in Australia (where, by the way, I seldom met a cricket-crazy and very seldom saw a cricket match).

I found orchestral playing here in, as Captain Doyle might say, a most "terrific state of chaos."

The irony is that I had flown from Sydney to refresh my standards of experienced and stylish

ging ahead to take the places of our established ones—all either veteran or middle-aged—Beecham, Boult, Cameron, Sargent, Barbirolli.

Is it that young talent is not encouraged by opportunity?

It is significant, too, no matter how loudly the patriots may trumpet protests like Blimpham elephants, that at Covent Garden, Birmingham, and Glasgow, the orchestras are conducted by musicians from foreign parts.

Australian singers

NOT only is our orchestral playing in a low state. Few singers of quality have been discovered in England in recent years. Kathleen Ferrier, stands alone.

At Covent Garden two Australians have been called on to sing important parts. Sylvia Fisher is one of the best soprano singers in this land. In Australia she needed to "battle" and after I had drawn general attention to her voice she asked me for advice about "prospects" in England.

I urged her to go to London, warned her that compulsion there would be severe but expressed my belief that after "some experience"—"go in the chorus at Sadler's Wells, if needs be"—she'd forge ahead. I did not dream very soon she would be entrusted at Covent Garden with so important a role as Leonora in Beethoven's Fidelio.

At Sadler's Wells, Stanley Clarkson, a Sydney bass, is already becoming indispensable—these Australians are really ubiquitous. But the point is this: only as a consequence of an acute lowering of our standards could these comparisons of musical talent from a young country with that of one rich in tradition and experience and population be sustained for more than a moment.

Unity and accuracy
THE Halle Orchestra will soon play in London again. Here, at least, we shall find not only unity and accuracy, but a very definite character.

At its best, the Halle has always been a North of England band of direct masculine strength, with an appropriate reticence of sentiment.

Under Hartly an Irish romantic, and now under Barbirolli, the tone and the general manner of expression have acquired a certain freedom from emotional inhibition. Barbirolli approaches music as one who loves it—or, I should say, loves her. He is never the reader.

So, born as I was in Manchester, and brought up in music by the Halle under Hans Richter, I shall go to the Albert Hall in full hope of witnessing a resurrection of English orchestral playing of some joyfulness and energy.

(London Express Service)



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Every woman born has beauty. The tragedy is that not all beauty is allowed to flower. Your own skin for instance is either too dry, a trifle greasy, a mixture of both—or strong, matt-smooth and good tempered. Yardley Preparations help to regulate your skin. Choose the ones that were created for you... and discover that you too were born a beauty.

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APRS

SATURDAY AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE

THIRSTY NIGHT

by Billy Rose

NEW YORKERS went to the polls to elect a mayor recently, and one of the issues was the efficiency, or lack of same, of the police department.

I, of course, don't want to get involved in this political rhubarb but I can't go along with the talk-talk about the inefficiency of the average New York cop.

In a thousand and one weeks on Broadway I've gotten to know a lot of the badge-wearers and I can rattle off dozens of stories which prove that the phrase "a bright policeman" is not necessarily a contradiction in terms.

As for instance...

ON Election Night 1947 I was standing at the corner of Broadway and 46th Street with a detective named Johnny Broderick, since retired. It was the "switching hour"—the hour when everyone is wondering which movie to see or which saloon to get potted in. As Broderick and I stood there easing the crowd, a couple came out of the Automat.

"How's for killing an hour in a newsworld first?" I heard the man say.

"I told Miriam we'd be early," said the girl.

"Early is when you get there," I promised Miriam we'd get there by 8.30. It's after 8 now.

"I suppose it ain't never been 8 before," said the man, sticking his palms out as if he were Jolson.

"Miriam's the best friend I got," said the girl, "and I ain't going to miss her birthday party for no lousy newsworld."

"Don't make no mountains," said the man. "I said I'd go, didn't I? We can get there an hour late and still be in time to blow out the candles."

"After those drinks you had at the Astor bar," said the girl. "I wouldn't go blowing any candles. The explosion'd break windows for miles."

"Beat it, Bud," he said to the man.

The man took a fast look at Johnny, heeled, and walked up Broadway. The girl hurried after him.

A bobbysoxer in the crowd laughed. "Guess she loves him after all," she said.

"I couldn't spot their hook man," said Broderick, "or I'd have run them in."

"Their what man?" I asked. "Their hook man," said the detective. "Those two were pickpockets, and their spiel was to hold the crowd while the hook man was going through their pockets. I tried to spot him, but I couldn't. Maybe he spotted me first."

"How did you know the couple were crooks?" I said. "The crack about the guy having a couple of drinks gave them away," said Broderick. "It ain't 8.30 yet, and on election night, in case you've forgotten, you can't buy a drink in New York until after 9 p.m."

Johnny Broderick stepped out of the crowd which had collected around the couple

America Remembers The Genius Of The Uncanny

A MERICA recently remembered the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe, the master of strange and uncanny tales, with this stamp.



Poe was born in America, son of an English actress. He was taken to London and went to the Manor School, in Stoke Newington. But he made few friends, and grew up in a dream world of his own.

Back home he tried to be a soldier. He was expelled from America's Sandhurst, West Point Military Academy, because he was said to be mad. Maybe he was. See how he writes:—

"The huge antique panels threw slowly back their ponderous ebony jaws. Without those doors stood the lofty, enshrouded figure of Lady Madeline. There was blood on her white robes."

Face value: 3 cents (2½d.); Perforation: 11 by 10½.

(London Express Service)

FROM HERE AND THERE:

The Gaol-Bird Flew From The Church Door

BRUSSELS: Stefan Becker, aged 21, was given special leave from prison for a few hours to get married. A police car brought him to the town hall for the ceremony. When it was over he walked outside and ducked into the crowd of well-wishers. Neither his bride nor police have seen him since. Becker was serving a term for theft.

Fat Man's Problems

CAPE TOWN: Nobody loves a fat man, and local Falstaffs, hit by the summer heat of the Cape, are more miserable than usual. Dollar conservation has stopped the importation of outsize bathing trunks and only size 48's available are in bright yellow, which are not chic on large men. Weekend bathers are entering the water in cut off flannel slacks, which are causing much embarrassment and amusement.

Lucky Black Cat

PRETORIA: Under the will of two aged spinsters of Bantry Bay, Cape Colony, their black Persian cat "Jinnie" (named after General Smuts) has inherited £300, which will guarantee his daily meals of fish and milk. Jinnie is six. He was found as a stray kitten by the spinsters' brother.

Cold Weather Suits

LOS ANGELES: Bathing suit manufacturers chose the year's coldest day to show off their next summer's beach fashions.

There is a trend back to the bathing dress days. Shoulders and legs still show, but not so much of either. And the French-style suit is out altogether. Neither the girls nor the men would stand for it.

Enthusiastic Guest

RANGOON: It is a wedding custom in Burma for stones to be thrown by well-wishers at the newlyweds' house on the wedding night. At one wedding recently a neighbour threw a brick, hitting a wedding guest and necessitating his removal to hospital.

Tiger trouble

SINGAPORE: Malaya is still having tiger trouble. In Raub, a mosque keeper was saying his prayers when a tiger walked into the room. The keeper shut his eyes in horror and when he opened them the tiger was gone. Another Raub man heard a knocking on his door at two a.m. He peeped outside and saw a tiger with a raised paw. So the man bolted his door and went back to bed.

Dream came true

NEW YORK: Washing dishes in a New York hotel 31 years ago for £2 a week, Louis Ritter made a vow. One day he swore he would buy the hotel. Today, Ritter, a millionaire from milk coats, bought the hotel. His first improvement—more elbow room in the kitchens.

An egotistical, indiscreet, readable author with a chip on his shoulder

NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

SCENES FROM A BOURGEOIS LIFE: The autobiography of Alaric Jacob. Secker and Warburg. 15s. 310 pages.

Instead, there was Comfort, a school and became a reporter on a provincial newspaper at the age of 17. Was the Daily Express correspondent in Washington in the late thirties, and served as a war correspondent in France, the Western Desert, Burma and Russia. Now works for the BBC. Is married to novelist Iris Morley.

WHO has been unkind to Alaric Jacob? Why does he write divertingly, yet with a chip on his shoulder?

Perhaps if he had won that scholarship to Eton, if he had entered the Foreign Service and not become a foreign correspondent, if, in short, he had taken his due place as member of the ruling class and descendant of generals, Jacob might be more easily on his pillow.

As things are, he turns a hostile eye on Western, especially British, life and ways. He is an amoralist, a snob, a republican and either a full-or-a-half-Marxist—I am not sure which.

He writes with the journalist's ease, the patrician's neglect of grammar ("I know not who," etc.) and the convert's eagerness to spurn his past. ("The surprising variety of his ideology was not yet apparent to me.")

He is egotistical, indiscreet, enormously readable.

His snobbery is aimed at the Lower Middle Class, an unfortunate social group "divided from the class I was born into by a gulf. You could not mix with them because you could not talk with them. Marriage with the Villanage was unthinkable."

Marriage was the last thing young Jacob was thinking of.



ALARIC JACOB

The conference failed, the wooing succeeded. "As a lover," he records with a touch of smugness, "I was more successful after my looks had gone."

Married and free to give his attention to public affairs, Jacob went to America, bringing away a brilliant picture of the early Roosevelt and an entertaining impression of the Royal visit to Canada.

"What low, what trivial people are attracted to Royal personages."

It was then he became a republican.

But the big, transforming experience of Jacob's life has been his stay in Moscow. He succumbed to the Russians, contrasted their vigour with Western feebleness and makes an impassioned, angry, uneasy defence of the Soviet system.

If only Russia had Hubert Corpus! If only Alaric Jacob had more balance and less arrogance—how much of the vitality of this book would evaporate!

* ALARIC JACOB was born in 1909, educated at an English public

ON A DARK NIGHT. By Anthony West. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d. 324 pages.

THIS book begins where many a book ends, with the death, by suicide, of the hero, John Wallis, a British lawyer engaged on a war crime trial.

On a Dark Night tells of Wallis's adventures in the next world. To be exact, in hell, where Wallis finds himself in the company of Von Klenck, the German general whose execution he helped to bring about.

On a Dark Night is a spiritual allegory, conceived in the form of a novel and in terms of modern psychology, with its symbols drawn from the world we know.

The world that is to say, of concentration camps and displaced persons—and the gaudy emptiness of the Cole d'Azur. "Hell is contemporary" and you reach it by train.

If you care to "collaborate" with the authorities it turns out to be a place where you do just what you fancy most, and go on doing it for all eternity!

It is also a place where, on the distant horizon, you may discern glittering peaks (the Delectable Mountains) beyond which lies another life.

WALLIS, who sees the peaks, refuses to succumb to the sunny side of the Inferno. He seeks the mountain passes.

Meanwhile, he is haunted by visions of his life, the women



ANTHONY WEST

he has loved, the marriage he has helped to wreck, the son who rises to accuse him.

Wherever he goes, two go with him: Kenelm, more of a man than Wallis and more of a damned soul; and Ransom, Wallis's guard and tempter.

In the end Wallis finds salvation by facing the truth of everything he has done in life.

This is an immensely ambitious novel. Its symbolism is confusing. That could scarcely be avoided. A book which deals with the Annals in a stark, impressive and ultimately most moving narrative.

* Anthony West, the son of famous writer Rebecca West, was born in August, 1914. In 1939 he married artist Katharine Church, who persuaded him to start serious writing.

Lives in Dorset, where he breeds Guernsey cattle. Likes peacocks, owls and small boats. Dislikes all games.

WHITE STRANGER, by Harry Wilcox. 16s. 384 pages.

AFTER the war, Harry Wilcox talked of doing—he got away from it all. For six golden months he dwelt with the Toraja highlanders of Celebes.

How wise a choice—it was!

LIBRARY LIST

Walk in Darkness. By Hans Hildebrand. 10s. 6d. 310 pages.

An American negro soldier, married tentatively to a German girl, joins one of the desert-racketer gangs infesting Europe. The story ends in murder and execution.

Nelson the Sailor. By Captain Russell Grenfell. R.N. Paper, 6s. 6d. 310 pages. Biography. The author of that fine story of naval war, The Bismarck Echoes.

achieves in this story of the greatest of captains a fine performance in plot, but a somewhat unconvincing First-rate reading.

The Valley of St. Ives. By Arthur Herbert Bryant. Gollancz. 10s. 6d. 310 pages. Novel.

A schoolmaster named Clark marries a girl named Christine. But Christine is in love with a horse named Pique. She prefers the horse to her husband. So do

The Torajas unsporting by tourism, warlike ambition or the desire to improve their lives, have pleasant dances, manners, architecture and traditions.

No doubt they should worry about their shortage of trousers, medicine, food. Their morals—lust, innocence and naïve gusto, as Wilcox puts it, giving ample evidence—should cause self-examination. They should be downcast about the prevalence of yaws and malaria.

But are they? Not much! And who, looking at Wilcox's magnificent photographs, is going to blame them?

Incidentally, this delightful book, this escapade's Odyssey, powerfully vindicates the paternalism of Dutch government. Let the champions of so-called Indonesian "nationalism" think again!

* HARRY WILCOX was born in Dorset in 1910. He followed the invasion from Normandy to Berlin with the Guards Armoured Division. Was on duty at Potsdam during the Victory conference. Decided that war in Asia looked cleaner than peace in Europe, and volunteered for service in the East. Above nine months as Chief of Information in Indonesia, and upon demobilisation lived among natives in a Dutch East Indies island.

ONCE UPON A TIME. By Vaughan Wilkins. Cape. 12s. 6d. 450 pages.

SAY good-bye to credibility and let Wilkins have his way! Overlook a certain archness in the style; bear with the wild mystifications of the plot. It is well worth it.

Here is farce and adventure; characters robust, noisy, drunken and full of literary talk; ladies lovelier than it is reasonable to expect. Above all, here is Mr. Warrack, soldier of fortune and currency smuggler, hot on the trail of a horrid Nazi ex-priest who is hot on the trail of the Ehrenburg Treasury.

And here is Oliver Granville, who cannot remember what he has been doing since D-Day and is afraid he has been doing something very nasty indeed. And here, among other charming preposterous inventions, is Brackett's Factory of Family History.

Family history plays an important but complicated part in this escapade, which is recommended to all who find reality too much with them today.

* VAUGHAN WILKINS fought in the 1914 war in France and Palestine. He created a record by

editing a London daily tabloid when he was 23 years old.

THE GREEN BERET. BY Hilary St. George Saunders. Michael Joseph. 15s. 382 pages.

THIS proud, worthy history of the Commandos has many virtues. Above all, it captures and transmits the spirit of the extraordinary semi-irregular force that British military genius evolved to meet an unprecedented situation.

All through the ages, it seems, the British have been waiting for something like the Commandos to give outlet to their love of fighting and hatred of soldiering.

This is history, not in pompous robes but with a glint in its eye and soldier's phrases on its lips. Great stuff!

—(London Express Service)

LETTER OF THE LAW

DAB and FLOUNDER

—by Walter

BILLSTICKERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Embarrassing Moments" BY KEMP STARRETT





PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



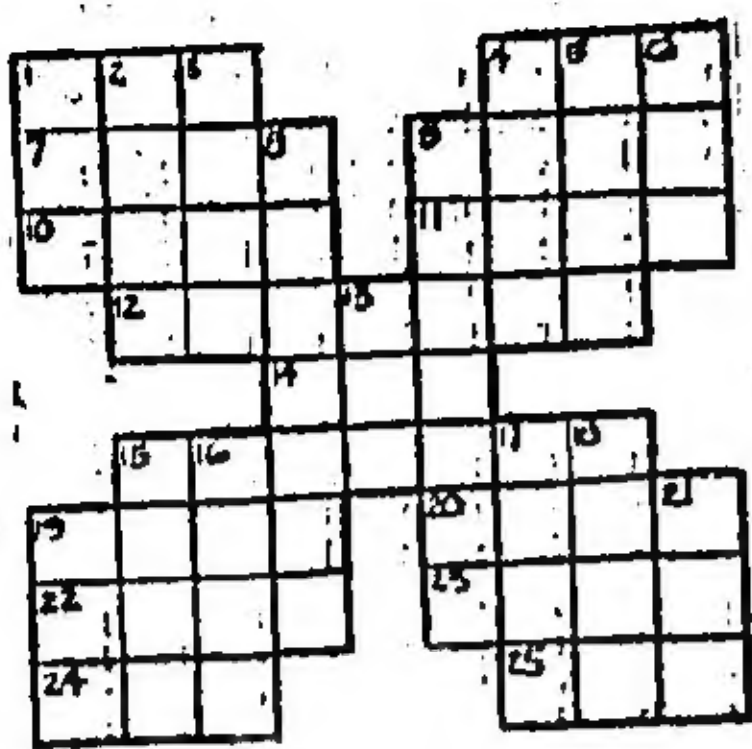
GAMES



JOKES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



HOMONYM

Although spelled differently, the missing words in this sentence sound alike:
Times were so—they were forced to take a—on their home.

LITERARY POSERS

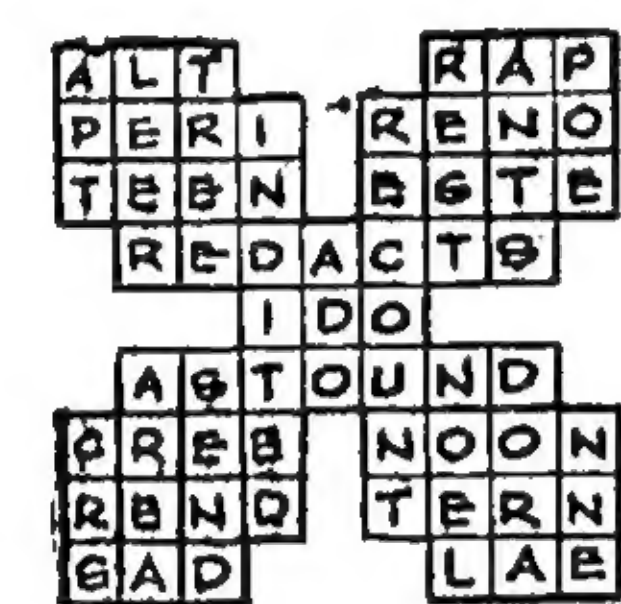
1. What English poet wrote "Idylls of the King"?
2. What author adopted the name of his country for a pen-name?
3. Who wrote "Treasure Island"?
4. What was the first popular English novel?
5. In what work of Dickens will we find the character Micawber?

RIDDLES

1. Why is a plane flying dairy products like a caterpillar?
2. Why is a snake in the living room like a house on fire?
3. Why do little birds in their nest always agree?
4. Why do we all go to bed?
5. What is the best thing to make in a hurry?

ANSWERS

CROSSWORD:



ADD SCRAMBLE

Add a letter to a scrambled pronoun and have "a shade tree," rearrange and add another letter to have "halt," repeat the procedure and have "a desert animal," again and have "evil intent," again and have a word pertaining to "medicine," repeat scrambling and adding a letter to have "fractious," again and have a two-worded "lunch meat."

DIAMOND

The word CAMERAS forms a centre for this diamond. The second word is a "light touch," the third "domesticates," the fifth "dancer," and the sixth "a girl's nickname."

C
A
M
E
R
A
S
A
S

HOMONYM: Lean, lean

LITERARY POSERS: 1—Alfred Lord Tennyson, 2—Anatole France, 3—Robert Louis Stevenson, 4—Robinson Crusoe, 5—David Copperfield.

RIDDLES: 1—Because it makes the butterfly, 2—The sooner it is put out the better! 3—They don't want to have a falling out, 4—Because the bed will not come to us, 5—Haste.

CHILDREN'S SERIAL: *Mystery of the Pantomime Cat*

More checking & some snacks

MR GOON advanced on Fatty's table. "Everywhere I go," boomed Mr Goon, "I see some of you kids. Now, what are you doing here?"

"Snacking," said Fatty, politely. "Did you come in for a snack, too, Mr Goon? Not much left unfortunately."

Mr Goon swelled up and his face went purple. Then the little girl came into the room, and he turned to her pompously. "Is your mother in? I want a word with her."

"No, she's not, sir," said the little girl. "I'm the only one here. Mother will be back soon. If you like to wait."

"I can't wait," said Mr Goon, annoyed. "Too much to do. I'll come tomorrow."

He was just going when he turned to look at Fatty. He had suddenly remembered his fat cheeks. They didn't seem nearly so fat now.

"What you done to make your cheeks thin?" he said, suspiciously.

"Well, I might have had all my back teeth out," said Fatty. "Let me see—did I, Larry? Do you remember?"

"Gah!" said Mr Goon, and went. The little girl laughed uproariously.

"Oh, you are funny!" she said. "You really are. Isn't he horrid? He came and asked Mother and me ever so many questions about two men that came here last Friday night."

"Yes, they came on Friday," said the little girl. "I know, because it was my birthday, and Peter Watling brought me a book. I'd just been listening to Radio Fun at half-past six, when they came in."

"Half-past six," said Fatty. "Well, what did they do then? Eat all your snacks?"

"No! They only have coffee and sandwiches," said the little girl. "They gave me the book—it's a beauty, I'll show you—and then we listened to Radio Theatre at seven o'clock. And then something went wrong with the wireless and it stopped."

"Oh," said Fatty, disappointed, because he had been counting on the wireless for checking up on the time. "What happened then?"

"Well, Peter Watling's very good with wirelesses," said the little girl. "So he said he'd try and mend it. Mother said,

Mend it, in time, for eight o'clock then, because I want to hear a concert then."

"And was it mended by then?" asked Fatty.

"No. Not till twenty past eight," said the little girl. "Mother was very disappointed. But we got it going by then, quite all right—twenty past eight. I mean—and then Peter and William had to go. They called the ferry and went across the river."

This was all very interesting. It certainly proved beyond a doubt that William Orr and Peter Watling could not possibly have had anything to do with the robbery at the Little Theatre. That was certain. The little girl was quite obviously telling the truth.

"Well, thanks for a jolly good meal," said Fatty. "How much do we owe you?"

"The little girl gave a squeal. "Oh, I never counted your snacks. Do you know how many you had? I shan't half catch it from Mother if she knows I didn't count."

"Well, you ought to count," said Fatty. "It's too much like hard work for us to count when we're eating. Larry, I make it six snacks each, the sandwiches and the coffee. Is that correct?"

It was, Fatty paid up, gave the little girl a shilling to buy herself something for the birthday. For she had had on Friday, and went off with Larry, feeling decidedly full.

"We've just got time to go to the cinema to see if we can pick up anything about John James's visit," said Fatty. "Oh dear—I wish I hadn't snacked quite so much. I don't feel very brainy at the moment."

Larry suddenly had a brain-wave. "I say—I know! We can ask Kitty, Pip's cook. She goes to the pictures every single Friday. She told Bets so one day and I heard her. She said she'd never missed for nine years."

They arrived at Pip's, and went into the kitchen. Kitty beamed at them, especially at Fatty, whom she thought very clever indeed.

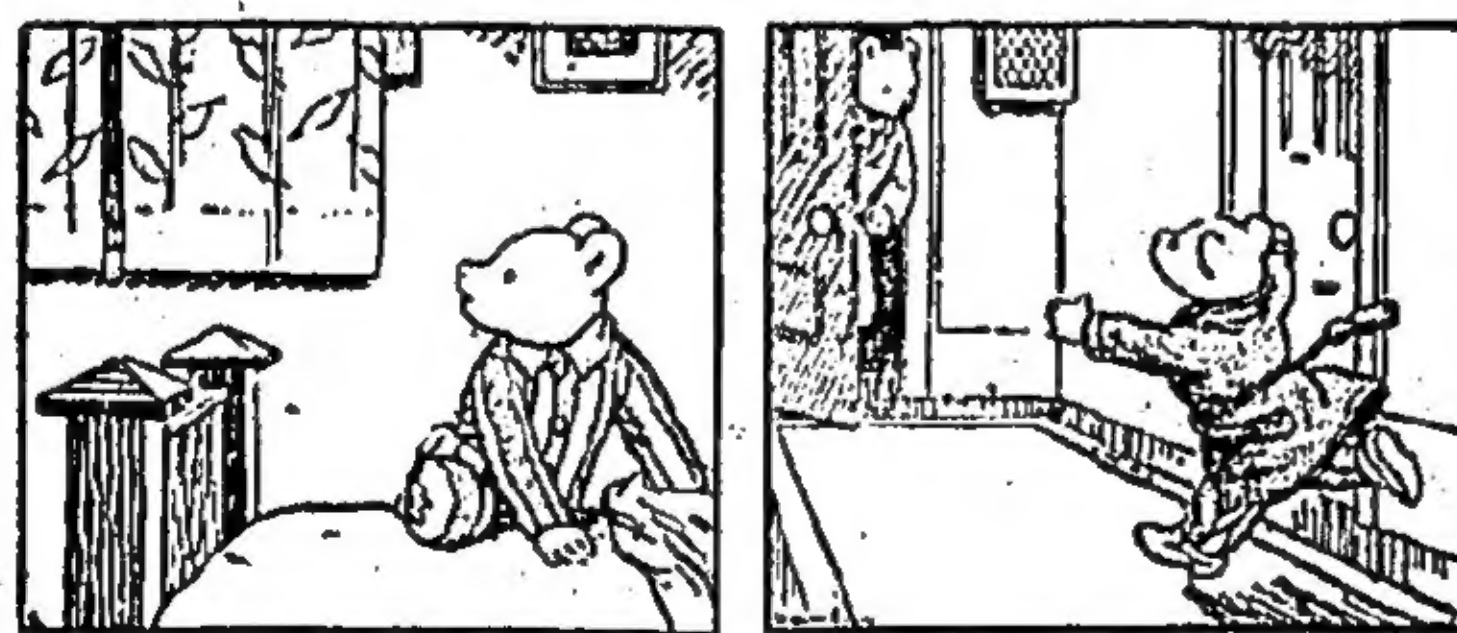
"Did you go to the pictures last week?" said Larry. "You always do, don't you?"

"Never missed for nine years," said Kitty proudly. "Yes, I went on Friday, same as usual. Oooh, it was a lovely picture."

"What was it?" asked Fatty.

"Well, I went in at six and the news was on," said Kitty. "Then a cartoon, you know. Made me laugh like anything. Then at half-past six till the end of the programme there was He Loved Her So. Oooh, it was lovely. Made me cry ever so. It was a pity it broke down."

Rupert and a Mare's Nest—40



Rupert undresses very slowly, and while he has his bath and prepares for bed he thinks about his adventure. "I wonder how daddy will be fetched to see the Mare's Nest?" he muses. "Will the Flying Mare come herself for him? Just as he is getting between the sheets a sharp little noise makes him start. Next minute he is out of the room and searching for his father. "Daddy, daddy," he calls. "I told you we should be fetched tonight, and now somebody is tapping at my window." "Good gracious, why aren't you asleep hours ago?" grumbles Mr. Bear. "I suppose I'd better come."

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The little girl gave a squeal. "Oh, I never counted your snacks," she said.

by **End Blyton**

Fatty picked up his ears. "What do you mean—broke down?"

"Well, you know what I mean, Master Frederick," said Kitty. "The picture sort of snags—and stops—and there's only the screen and no picture. I suppose the film breaks or something."

"Did it do that a lot?" asked Fatty.

"Yes—four times," said Kitty. "All the way through, it seemed. Just at the wrong bits too—you know the real exciting bits. Everyone was grumbling about it."

"Come on, Larry," said Fatty, and he pulled him out of Kitty's kitchen. "We've learned something there." Now, if we can only get hold of John

Christopher's New Year's Eve

—He Told Everyone When It Was Midnight—

By MAX TRELL

IT was the last night of the year and Christopher Crick, who was spending the winter between two loose bricks in the fireplace, crept softly down to the hearth. The fire was out and no one was in the room.

Christopher made his way to the other side of the room. Then he climbed up to the window sill and peered outside.

All was darkness. Then he climbed down to the floor again and walked softly but quickly out through the door, glanced for a moment up and down the hallway, and finally went up the stairs and into the playroom.

The playroom was dark, too. But Christopher went directly to one of the corners and in a hushed voice said: "Wake up! It's nearly time!"

Opened Their Eyes

Knart and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, opened their eyes and sat up.

"Nearly time?" Hand said, not quite fully awake. "No one wants me at all. No one wants me. I'm going away."

At that Knart and Hand shook all the sleep out of their eyes and stood up.

"Where should we wait for him to come in?" Knart asked Christopher.

"That's just what I was going to ask you, too," added Hand. Christopher answered: "I've thought it all out. He'll come in through the front door, or the back door, or down the chimney. Let each one of us wait in one of those places. Then we'll be sure to see him when he comes. Hurry now! It's nearly time!"

So Knart went to stand behind the front door, and Hand went to stand behind the back door, and Christopher Crick went back to the fireplace where the chimney was. But before they separated Knart asked: "What will he look like, Christopher?"

"Well," said Christopher, "I'm not exactly sure, but I think he'll look like a baby. His name is New Year 1950."

So they all went and stood at their different places. And suddenly all the clocks in the house started striking twelve o'clock. And outside all the bells started ringing. And whistles started blowing, and horns were sounded, and from near and far people were shouting: "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

Knart felt somebody slipping past him at the front door. It was too dark for him to see who it was, but he sprang at it, and threw his arms around it. Then he shouted: "I've caught him! Hand! Christopher! Come quick! I've caught him!"

Eager To See

Hand and Christopher ran with all their might to Knart. For they were all eager to see the baby New Year 1950. Knart still kept his arms tightly closed. Finally he got him captive over the window, where a bit of moonlight was coming through. And when he and Hand and Christopher Crick looked to see



Christopher peered outside.

what he had caught, they were astonished to see that it wasn't a baby at all. It was a very old, old man.

"Please," said the old man. "Let me go. I'm not the one whom you want."

"Who are you?" Knart asked.

"I'm Old Year 1949. You don't want me at all. No one wants me. I'm going away."

And the old man walked slowly out of the door and into the dark night. It wasn't until later that Knart and Hand and Christopher found New Year 1950. Do you know where he was? He was hiding inside the Cuckoo Clock, laughing and clapping his hands, and as happy as can be!

A TRICK PICTURE

THIS is a new kind of trick to pull off on your pals. Copy the drawing of the grumpy old fellow or cut out his picture and paste it on a piece of cardboard.

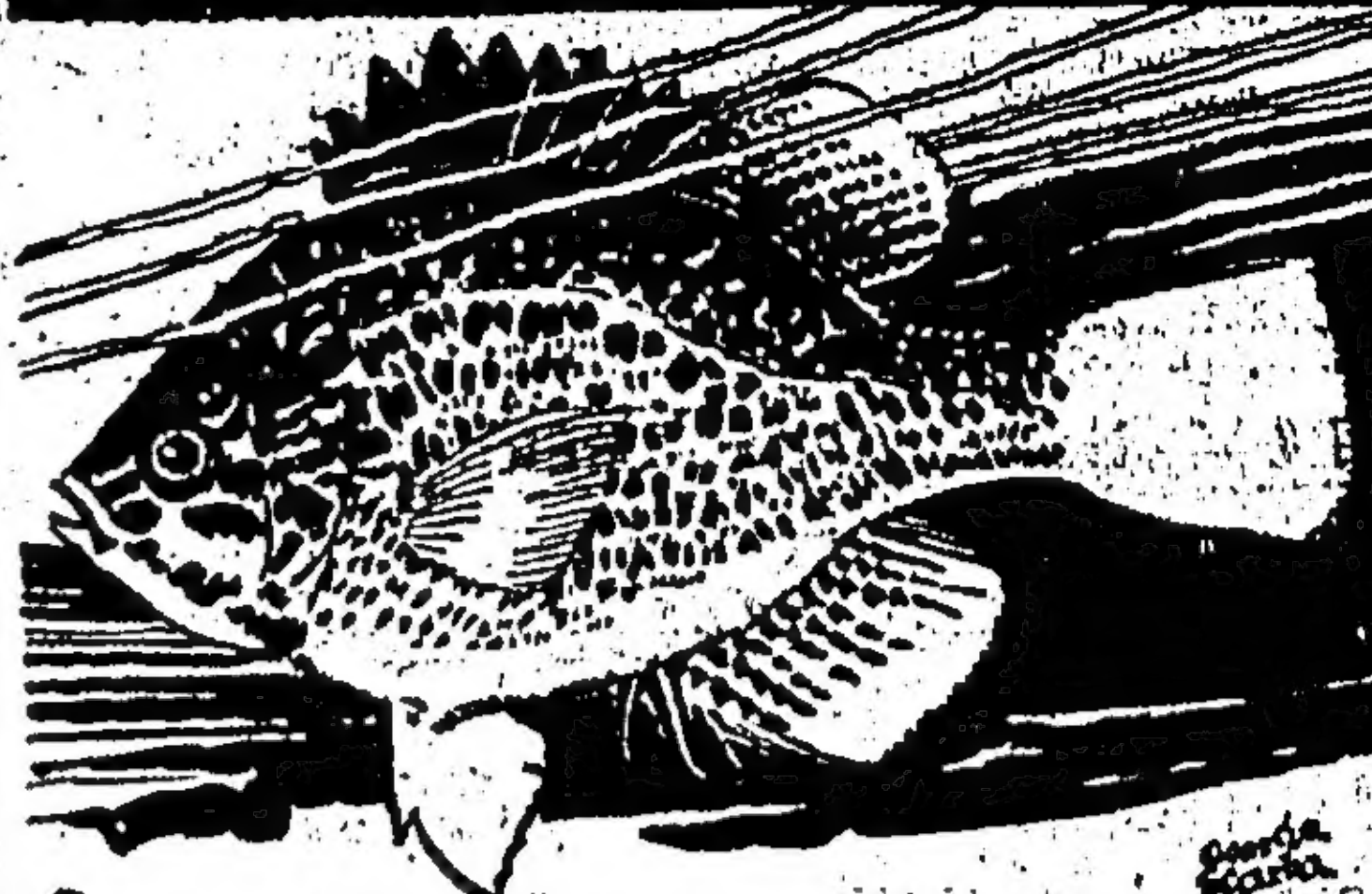
The trick consists in asking a friend to name the best title for the picture. You need suggest only two or three to choose from, such as: Old Grumpy, or Top Hat Man, or The Missing Link.

"NAME PLEASE?"



Whatever answer you get, it is bound to be miles off, because you simply turn the picture upside down (try it) and announce that you think the best title would be: The Rabbit in the Hat.

ZOO'S WHO



THE SUNFISH HELPS TO RID THE WORLD OF HORDES OF INSECTS WHICH OTHERWISE WOULD OVER-RUN IT. WORST ENEMIES OF THIS FRIEND OF MAN ARE THE PICKEREL AND THE LARGE-MOUTH BLACK-BASS.



MATILDA, THE BRISTOL ENGLAND ZOO'S OSTRICH, LAYS EGGS WEIGHING THREE POUNDS.



A BRITISH RAILROAD BRAKEMAN WHO SHOOTS SOME HENS FROM A GRAIN CAR RECENTLY FOUND THEY HAD LAID FOUR EGGS—THUS SETTLING FOR THE GRAIN THEY ATE.

Make This Handsome Gift From Leather

If your hobby is leathercraft, you are familiar already with the materials needed to make a hand-tooled bookmark.



To make the bookmark, obtain a scrap of leather known as "tooling calf," which measures nine inches long and three inches wide. Use a very sharp knife and a steel-edged ruler for cutting it in the right shape along straight lines. Use enough pressure to go through the leather in a single cut. Retracing the cut will leave a ragged edge.

After the leather is cut you are ready to transfer the design. First, transfer the pattern to a heavy piece of tracing paper. Place the paper over the leather with the design in place and fasten down with thumb tacks. Use an old nut-pick and with a firm but steady pressure retrace the design as it appears on the paper.

Bear down sufficiently hard to transfer the design on to the surface of the leather. The impression should be deep enough to make the design easy to follow after the paper is removed. If you wish to use the pattern shown here, use the squares for easy enlargement.

Remove the paper and turn the leather over, flesh side up, on a piece of window pane. Wet the leather thoroughly with a small cloth until it is pliable. effect is attained. Be careful to follow lines of the design, but do not cross these lines.

appearance of leather when it is wet does not injure it in any way. It soon returns to an even colour again.

Trace the outline of the design with a tool called a "modeller." Hold the tool at a 45-degree angle and make a slow, steady stroke. The line should be continuous rather than bumpy or irregular. Should the leather begin to feel hard, turn it over and wet again. Always wet the entire piece. The "modeller" may be bought at a hobby shop for a few cents.

To fill in the background of the design, use an ordinary pencil, and a wooden mallet. This is a series of sharp quick taps with the mallet on the end of the nail punch, which is held lightly but firmly above the area to receive the background work. Continue going over the background area until a "pooled" effect is attained. Be careful to follow lines of the design, but do not cross these lines.

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DO-IT Things to Make With Materials at Hand



1. Use 3 CORKS, each a different size and about 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4 long.
2. Cut a small slice from side of each.
3. Cut a slit in center of front and back edge... cut half way through cork.
4. From a MILK CARTON cut 3 heads and 3 tails to fit corks.
5. Slip heads and tails into notches in corks.
6. Push THUMB TACKS into flat side for feet.

BRONCHO BILL

Possession

By Harry F. O'Neill



BRAVELY MOUNTING AN UNBROKEN HORSE, THE RANGEROY BOY TILTED AND BOLICED TILL HIS TEETH RATTLE.



ONE MISTAKE, WHEN HIS COWBOY TOPS WINGS HIS LEGS AGAIN.

